A PRODUCING DIRECTOR'S APPROACH TO AN ARENA PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S MEASURE FOR MEASURE

by

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To Professor and Mrs. Robert C. Burroughs

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The writer wishes to especially acknowledge her indebtedness to Professor Peter R. Marroney, head of the University of Arizona Drama Department, for his helpful suggestions and criticisms. She wishes, also, to thank Doctor Fairfax P. Walkup and Professor Robert C. Burroughs for their helpful guidance. Also, the writer wishes to gratefully acknowledge for their encouragement and understanding her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Abosketes. She is, also, extremely grateful to Miss Peggy Kellner, Messrs. Donald W. Hansen and Charles Linder for their invaluable assistance in the preparation of Chapters V, VI, and VII.

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PREFACE

The problem presented in this paper is the production of Measure for Measure in an arena style.

The production is approached through the study of the sources, history, and criticisms of the play; a brief history of arena theatre as compared to Shakespearean theatre; a suggested setting, lighting, and costuming of the play; the directorial philosophy and characterizations presented for such a production and a completed prompt book for the production.

The two books referred to most frequently for the text of the play were The Edinburgh Folio of "Measure for Measure", and H. C. Hart's edition of the play.

The interest in the actability of Measure for Measure was supplied by the course, Studies in Shakespeare, taught by Doctor D. L. Patrick.

The writer's first experience with arena style productions was Peter R. Marroney's Corral Theatre, active the summers of 1950 and 1951.

Glenn Hughes' book, Penthouse Theatre, and Margo Jones' Theatre-In-The-Round also influenced the ideas presented in this paper.

It is considered advisable to supply a definition of

theatre-in-the-round, as the title could prove confusing. Theatre-in-the-round is that method of presentation in which the audience surrounds the actor. That audience need not be seated in a circle to satisfy the definition. The playing area may be square, circular, oblong, or rectangular.

It is sincerely hoped that this attempt to show the possible success of arena productions of Shakespeare, as well as the accepted drawing room comedies, will encourage others to go further in this phase of production.

PART ONE

CHAPTER 1

THE SOURCES OF MEASURE FOR MEASURE

It is believed by most critics that the first presentation of Measure for Measure was December 26, 1604, at King James' Court by the Lord Chamberlain's Company. The play was first printed in the folio of 1623 and, although there is no definite proof as to the date it was actually written, 1603 or 1604 are generally accepted.

The sources of the play are Promos and Cassandra by George Whetstone (1578) and Whetstone's translation in prose of the same story from Geraldi Cinthio's Hecatommithi. It is doubted that Promos and Cassandra was ever acted because in 1582 the author himself stated it had "never yet been presented upon the stage".[1] Whetstone converted it into a narrative and included it in The Heptameron of Civil Discourses the same year. In Whetstone's play, Cassandra pleads for her brother who has been condemned to death for unchastity. The judge, Promos, will forgive Cassandra's brother if she yields to his passion. Cassandra does so,[2] but Promos orders her brother to be beheaded just the same and the head presented to her. Cassandra tells the

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1. Collier, J. F., Shakespeare Library, (New York, 1930), p. E2.
2. This is the chief difference between the old plot and Shakespeare's and is added proof that Shakespeare's play is one of forgiveness.

king, who orders Promos to marry Cassandra and then be beheaded himself. Once the marriage has taken place, Cassandra begs for her husband's life. In the end they discover that her brother has been saved by a kindly jailer, who has presented Cassandra with a felon's head instead. The king pardons both the brother and Promos as the play closes.[3]

Geraldi Cinthio's story is one of several versions supposed to have actually occured in many places at one time or another. A ruler hands over his power to a magistrate who re-enforces the old law against adultery, but when he is about to bring a young man to execution for technical guilt he is asked by the young man's sister to spare his life. The magistrate falls in love with the sister and promises to save the brother's life if she yields to his passions. He breaks his promise and is accused of his crime by the sister before the returned ruler. The story often changes at this point. At times the young man is a political prisoner and the girl is the daughter or wife of the prisoner. The resulting punishment of the magistrate varies, but the main theme, a woman sacrificing her honor for a loved one, never changes.

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3. Whetstone's play contains only the crudest prototypes of Shakespeare's characters, except in the low comedy scenes.

This incident is said to have occurred in the Ducal Court of Ferrar, the court of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, in that of Louis XI, and with some changes in Sweden.[4] It was a familiar story in the south of Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

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4. William A. Nielson, The Tudor Shakespeare, Measure For Measure (London, n.d.), p. 11.

CHAPTER 11

THE THEATRICAL HISTORY OF MEASURE FOR MEASURE

There are few available reviews of Measure for Measure to show what type of reception it has received in the past. There have probably been numerous college productions of the play, but they cannot be considered here, due to insufficient information concerning them.

In D'Avenant's time, it was the custom to combine parts of great dramatist's works into a single unit. In 1602, he did this with portions of Measure for Measure and Much Ado About Nothing, naming it The Law Against Lovers. It was a crude and clumsily united production.[5]

In 1700, Measure for Measure was revived by Gilden for a performance in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He sub-titled it Beauty, The Beast Advocate, and described it as being "written by Shakespeare, and now very much altered".[6]

The next revival came in 1720 in the same theatre. Between that date and 1824 Measure for Measure was revived seven times in Drury Lane Theatre and six times in Covent Garden. Mrs. Woffington's Company presented it in April, 1746, and the Coley Ciber Company in December of the same year.

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5. Two other reworkings of Measure for Measure are Maeterlink's Monna Vanna and Pushkin's Angelo.

6. W. A. Nielson, p. 11.

The play was acted in London by Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, the two Kimbles, and Macready. There seems to have been only one revival of the play between 1844 and 1862 and that was by Owen Phelps. On May 27, 1844, Phelps, an intelligent actor and serious student of Shakespeare, opened the long-closed Sadler Wells Theatre in partnership with Mrs. Warner, a capable actress. Phelps controlled the Sadler Wells Theatre for eighteen years. Durring this period, he produced thirty-one of the thirty-seven great Shakespearean dramas. Measure for Measure was presented during his second season.[7]

Miss Neilson played it in London in 1876 and in New York in 1880. It became its most popular between 1888 and 1898 when Madam Modjeska revived it four different years in New York City, and played it often in other cities of the U. S. A.

The Old Vic Theatre had revived Measure for Measure four times in the 1930's. In 1931, The Fortune presented it with Mr Boliol Holloway as Angelo and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson as Isabella. The reviewer for the New Statesman and Nation felt that the production was poor: "Only the subtlest producer could weld the play as it stands into a semblance of unity. Here the producer did not make

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7. Sidney, Lee The Modern Stage (New York, 1906), p. 11.

an attempt to lift the play at all. It requires a visual beauty and a melodiousness of speech which the Fortune Theatre never began to provide."[8]

The play's critics did not agree on the quality of the production at the Old Vic in 1933. Peter Flemming raved:

> It is unlikely the present generation will ever see 'Measure for Measure' better peformed than it is now at the Old Vic. ...And no production could be better designed than Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's for permitting a clear-visioned assessment of the final value of the play...Mr. Laughton's Angelo was a splendid performance filled with intelligence and sensibility with at least two flashes of authentic genius.[9] Flora Robson doesn't achieve the purity necessary for her part however.[10] Mr. Roger Livesy as the Duke is charming.

Margeret Webster was also impressed with Mr. Laughton's characterization and sys she can still remember his "crouching over Isabella, his arms outstretched like an eagle or black bird of prey."[11] On the other hand, The Specator's reviewer was not so free with his

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8. "Measure for Measure", The New Statesman and The Nation (July 18, 1931), p. 79.

9. The scene where his desire for Isabella is aroused and the scene where the Duke faces him with his crime.

10. Flemming, P., "Measure for Measure", The Spectator, (Dec. 8, 1933), p. 847.

11. Webster, M., Shakespeare Without Tears (New York, 1942), p. 298.

compliments of the show; he stated: "In the Old Vic revival revival a slick production and a strong cast palliate the play's obvious weaknesses but do no more than indicate its latent strength. Mr. Laughton, as Angelo, plays him as an obvious villain from the start."[12]

The play was again presented at the Old Vic Theatre in 1934, 1937 and 1938. The Marlowe Theatre, Cambridge, England, once again revived it in December of 1941.

The last professional production of Measure for Measure on record is Mr. John Gielgud's in 1950 at Stratfor-on-Avon. Robert Hatch was enthusiastic about the production, and wrote: "At Stratford-on-Avon, I saw an impressively handsome, shrewd and smooth production of Measure for Measure. This play is commonly held to be one of Shakespeare's failures. On the stage of the Memorial Theatre, I found it one of the most stimulating plays, the only one I have seen for a long time that appeared to have any immediate bite. John Gielgud plays Angelo with graphic excitement and an almost medieval sense of mystery."[13]

Measure for Measure is rarely acted today, but perhaps Mr. Gielgud's success with the play will be sufficient to encourage others to attempt a production of it.

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12. "Measure for Measure", The Spectator (June 18, 1950), p. 20.

13. Hatch, R., "Measure for Measure", New Republic (June 18, 1950), p. 20.

CHAPTER III

THE CRITIC'S VIEW OF MEASURE FOR MEASURE

> As with our fellow creatures in real life, so is it with our fellow creatures in Shakespeare. There neither is nor can be any exclusive nor orthodox interpretation. Each of us must read the riddle of motive and personality for himself. . . for the impressions are not made on one uniformly accurate instrument, but on an infinite variety of capriciously sensitive and unaccountable individualities. . .on us in short, who see as we can, and understand as we are."[14]

There have been as many varied opinions of Measure for Measure as there are Shakespearean plays. It has been called "base and sordid"[15] by one; and, by another, one of his greatest "plays of forgiveness".[16] This chapter will not attempt to exhaust all the opinions of the play, but merely show a cross-section of those criticisms most commonly found.

One of the harshest critics of Measure for Measure is Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He calls it: "The single ex-

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14. Kittredge, G. L., Shakespeare (Cambridge, 1930), p. 12.

15. Symons, A., Studies in The Elizabethan Drama (New York, 1919), p. 45.

16. Chambers, R. W., The Jacobean Shakespeare (London, 1937), p. 60.

ception to the delightfulness of Shakespeare's plays. It is a hateful work, although Shakespeare throughout. Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded in Angelo's escape. Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable."[17]

Arthur Symons declares, "There is something base and sordid in the villainy of its actors, a villainy which has nothing of the heroism of sin."[18]

Frank Harris berates the play as "one of the best examples of Shakespeare's contempt for stagecraft," and calls "the mechanism of the play astonishably slipshod."[19]

Hardin Craig agrees with Coleridge and harshly states, "Measure for Measure remains one of Shakespeare's worst plays in spite of its touches of beauty,"[20] but proceeds to call it a popular stage play.

Raymond Alden says, "There is no true measure for measure in it."[21]

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[17] Raysor, T., Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism (Harvard, 1930), II, p. 355.

[18] Symons, A., p. 45.

[19] Harris, F., The Man Shakespeare (New York, 1909), p. 36.

[20] Craig, H., An Interpretation of Shakespeare (New York, 1909), p. 36.

[21] Alden, R. M., Shakespeare (New York, 1922), p. 300.

Rolfe feels it is "austere in its ethical poetry and sarcastic in its humorous delineators!"[22]

Figgis berates the ending of the play as "incomparably worse that the conclusion of any reputable drama yet conceived."[23]

Quiller-Couch attacks Isabella and feels there is "something rancid in her chastity; and on top of this, not by any means suchasaint as she looks. To put it nakedly, she is all for saving her own soul, and she saves it by turning of a sudden, into a bare procuress."[24]

Tatlock says she "lends her countenance to a dubious intrigue".[25]

Henry Charlton chooses the "middle road of criticism" with his statement that: "The so-called 'dark comedies', Troilus and Cressida, Measure for Measure, and All's Well That Ends Well, can most easily be read, not as cynical , crypto-tragic comedies preluding the rejection of comedy for tragedy, but as troubled efforts to disperse the

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22. Rolfe, W. J., Measure for Measure (New York, 1818), p. 14.

23. Figgis, D., Shakespeare (New York, 1912), p. 265.

24. Quiller-Couch, A., Studies in Literature (New York, 1930). p. 40.

25. Lawrence, W., Shakespeare's Problem Comedies, (New York, 1931) pp. 81 & 82.

clouds temporarily and unexpectedly darkening the full brightness of the author's expanding comic vision."[26]

Chambers says the play contains "better poetry than in All's Well That Ends Well but, as in that, a good deal of ineffective and humourless prose, while the structure still indicates the same uncertainty of dramatic intuition."[27]

Edgar Norris criticizes the phrasing by stating, "The best that can be said of the style as a whole is that a large amount of inadequate phrasing stands side by side with some of the most beautiful lines Shakespeare ever wrote."[28]

Perhaps one of the finest criticisms of Measure for Measure is given by R. W. Chambers. He defends the play's theme and admires Isabella as one who feels "the honour of her family and her religion are more to her than mere life, her own or Claudio's."[29]

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[26]Charlton, H. B., Shakespearean Tragedy (London, 1948), p. 70.

[27]Chambers, E. K., William Shakespeare (Oxford, 1930), I, p. 453.

[28]Neilson, W., p. XIII.

[29]Chambers, R. W., p. 40.

compliments on the show;he stated: "In the Old Vic revival a slick production and a strong cast palliate the play's obvious weaknesses but do no more than indicate its latent strength. Mr. Laughton, As Angelo, plays him as an obvious villain from the start."[12]

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12. "Measure for Measure", The Spectator (June 18, 1950), p. 20.

13. Hatch, R., "Measure for Measure", New Republic, (June 18, 1950), p. 20.

Harry T. Baker defends the play's actability by stating: "If we see the play on the stage, adequately presented, I suspect we shall be compelled to revise our prudish attitude towards its central problem and agree with John Mansfield that 'Measure for Measure is constructed closely and subtly for the stage and is one of the greatest works of the greatest English mind.'"[34]

M. C. Bradbrook considered it a moral play and said, "'Measure for Measure' remains a problem play, not because it is shallower, more unfinished or more incoherent than Shakespeare's other plays, but because it is stiffened by its doctrinary and impersonal consideration of ethical value."[35]

Margaret Webster, who has done much, in recent years, to further interest in Shakespearean drama, feels, "'Measure for Measure' is over-ripe for revival," and goes on to comment: "It is not a polite life, not disciplined life; the comedy characters from the stews of Vienna would not

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[34] Baker, H. T., "A Shakespearean Measure of Morality", Modern Language Notes (January, 1923), p. 19.

[35] Bradbrook, M. C., "A Criticism of 'Measure for Measure'", Review of English Studies, Vol. 17, p. 398.

get past the Hays Office; but there is no question as to their reality[36] . . . in my judgment the modern theatre is admirably equipped to grapple with this play, and it might prove an extremely rewarding attempt."[37]

These are only a few of the criticism,, but from these it is obvious that there is a definite controversy as to the value of Measure for Measure. If a play is capable of arousing as much discussion as this play has done, must there not be a definite value in it, a value that can be shown to advantage before an audience? There is one last criticism of the play to quite here, a criticism which substantiates the reasons for placing Measure for Measure before an audience once again:

> Measure for Measure is one of the darkest and most painful of the comedies of Shakespeare, but its darkness is lit by the central figure of Isabella with her white passion of purity and of indignation against sin. This play deals with deep things of our humanity . . . with righteousness and charity, with self deceit, and moral weakness and strength, even with life and death themselves. All that is soft, melodious, romantic, has disappeared from the style; it shows a fearless vigour, penetrating imagination and much intellectual force and boldness.[38]

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[36]Webster, M., p. 250

[37]Ibid., p. 255.

[38]Dowden, E., Shakespeare (New York, n.d.), p. 125.

If just a touch of this "white passion of purity" and "penetrating imagination" can be once again shown upon a stage for an audience to thrill to, surely the worth of Shakespeare's "dark comedy" cannot be denied.

CHAPTER IV

THE VALUE OF THEATRE-IN-THE-ROUND

Mr. John Gielgud, speaking in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on "The Theory and Practice of Shakespearian Productions" said that the time had come when everybody agreed that the main essentials of Elizabethan theatre lay-out should be reproduced in modern productions. There was, he said, a feeling of alarm in some quarters that a completely new technique of acting would be required if there were such a theatre. This, he felt, would be an admirable thing. He believed that a play produced in such conditions would speak for itself and speak well.[39]

"The main essentials of Elizabethan theatre" are adhered to more closely in theatre-in-the-round than on the conventional proscenium-type of stage. Due to the circular theatre's similarity to the Shakespearean playhouse, it is easily adaptable to Shakespearean productions.

Although theatre-in-the-round is considered an innovation in drama by many, it is actually the oldest of all theatrical methods. In this chapter, an attempt will be made to give a brief history of the beginnings of circular theatre and to compare this method with Shakespeare's theatre.

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[39] Gielgud, J., "Shakespeare On The Stage," London Times, Mar. 15, 1952.

It is supposed that both tragedy and comedy had the songs to the god Dionysus (dithyrambs) as their start. These songs were first sung in processions with the public surrounding the singers and dancers. As Greek theatre progressed, it moved to the amphi-theatre and the circle became little more than a semi-circle. All the acting was done on the ground and practically no scenery was used, but what the Greeks avoided in sets they compensated for in rich and extravagant costumes.

The Romans followed closely the style of the Greeks in their theatres except for the addition of elaborate scenic facades of stone. Never-the-less, the ferocious contests in the Colosseum, where the audience again surrounded the arena, remained the Roman's favorite entertainment.

As Rome faded, so did the theatre, with the exception of a few travelling actors who presented portions of plays on the streets or at court celebrations. These plays were given before an intimate audience which crowded around three sides of the actor's platform.

The rise of the liturgical drama in the medieval church provided a natural setting for plays. Different parts of the church were used as we use sets today and the people followed the drama from one part of God's house to another. As the religious dramas became more popular, they were moved to the church steps where, it is supposed, the public watched while standing in a semi-circle. The

mystery and the miracle cycles were given on wagon stages which rotated to various parts of the town.

With the development of the Italian Renaissance appeared painted scenery,and, because of the desire for perspective in the painting, the proscenium arch came into being.

The Commedia dell' Arte also saw its beginnings in Italy. Clowns would travel from one market place to another, where they would perform their improvised dramas on platforms with the audience once again encircling them on three sides. Eventually these imaginative dramas were moved to the court theatres of France.

Before the Elizabethan period in England, plays were given in halls, inn yards, and banquet chambers. The favorite of these was the inn yard because of its shape. The first public theatres in England were actually little more than arenas. The designers of the Elizabethan playhouses were not architects, but managers, actors, and writers. James Burbage's theatre is often used as an example of the typical Elizabethan stage. The building was constructed of wood and a square stage protruded out into the pit. The audience stood or sat around three sides of this pit. The theatre was open to the sky; therefore performances could only be given during the day. The lower classes, as well as the actors on the forestage, were not protected from nature's elements, but the nobility

and middle classes sat on stools or benches encircling three sides of the acting area. At times a few customers of special importance or financial prominence were even allowed to sit upon the stage itself. The rear of the stage was covered by a balcony and the space beneath it (termed the inner stage) was hidden by a curtain. Behind this curtain was an ideal place for Shakespeare's many murders, and there were numerous doors for convenient entrances and exits. The theatres were often circular in shape. Little or no scenery was employed, but they made up for settings with elaborate and ornate costumes. Margaret Webster, Granville-Barker, Donald Oenslager, and many others feel that the lack of scenery was an aid rather than a hindrance to great drama. Mr. Oenslager states: "Shakespeare saw his scenery not realistically, not stylized, not impressionistically and not suggested; he saw it in the lines his player spoke and in the action with which they clothed their speeches. They provided their own scenery, which never interfered and was never in the way, because it was heard, not seen."[40]

The traditional Chinese and the first Japanese theatres were like the Elizabethan, inasmuch as the stage protruded out into the audience. The Chinese platform

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[40] Oenslager, D., Scenery Then And Now, p. 102.

is five or six feet high and twenty-five feet square. No front curtain is used, and the stylized furniture and props are changed right before the audience's eyes. The Japanese perform their plays on a square projecting platform, which is linked by a bridge to the greenroom. The audience is seated on three sides.

Once the proscenium type stage appeared early in the fourteenth century, it gained in popularity until today it is the most accepted, and in some cases, the only form of presentation seen. There have been those who have tried to escape from the fourth wall convention but with little success or influence until the first quarter of this century. Jacques Copeau opened the first presentational theatre of our time - The Theatre du Vieux Colombier. Copeau abandoned the proscenium arch and footlights. Only screens and a few props were used to give some idea of setting and mood. Lamps were placed in the audience for lighting. Louis Jouvet, Copeau's collaborator, designed a similar theatre in Brussels, called the Marais.

Max Reinhardt began his career as a director in an intimate theatre. He tried to return to the intimate theatre after World War I by remodeling the Circus Schuman. It was named the Grosses Schauspielhaus and was a combination of the Greek and modern theatre. This attempt to bring the audience and the actor into closer harmony failed

miserably. In 1774 the Redoutensaal of Vienna was designed as the Empress Maria Theresa's ballroom. Reinhardt took this baroque room and transformed it into an intimate theatre. The stage was a roofless shell without proscenium or curtain, and lighting was supplied by chandeliers, which also illuminated the audience. Fermin Gemier imitated Reinhardt's circus experiments in Paris by opening a huge spectacle house called the Cirque D'Hiver.

Other directors interested in bringing the public and the drama together were Jacques Dalcroze[41] and Leopold Jessner.[42]

Nikolai Okjlopkov's Moscow Art Theatre was the first modern playhouse to use complete central staging. The theatre was flexible and different types of presentation were demonstrated, even Gorki's "Mother" was produced "in-the-round".

These experiments in central staging had their effect on America. Kenneth Macgowan was so impressed with the Cirque Medrano of Paris that he devoted an entire chapter in his book, Continental Stagecraft,[43] to a description of

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[41] Dalcroze's School of Eurhythmics near Dresden presented plays in an oblong hall; the stage being on the same level as the audience.

[42] Jessner directed the State Theatre of Berlin from 1919 to 1925.

[43] Macgowan collaborated on this book with Robert Edmond Jones.

it and praise of the possibilities of arena style productions.

> In the beginning the theatre was masculine. Its essence was a thrust. The phallus was borne in the processional ritual at the opening of the Theatre of Dionysus each spring, and its presence was significant. The greatest and the healthiest of the theatres have always plunged their actors into the midst of the audience. It is only decadence, whether Roman or Victorian, that has withdrawn the actor into a sheath, a cave, a mouth, and has tried to drag the spirit of the spectator in with him . . . . The art of the theatre is a masculine art that is assertive and not receptive. Its business is to imbue the audience. It is not too difficult to see in the proscenium arch the reason for the barrenness of the realistic theatre. Directors and artists who have felt this have tried to find a playhouse that lies nearer to the masculine vigor of Aeschylus and Shakespeare. I think they can find it in the Cirque Medrano.[44]

At about this time (1922) Norman Bel Geddes designed Theatre Number Fourteen for circular staging. Although its construction for the Chicago World's Fair, 1933, was never realized, the idea of arena staging continued to grow in the minds of many.

The first actual use of central staging in America occurred at the Teacher's College of Columbia University in 1914. The director was Azubah Latham; the play, The Mask of Joy.[45]

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[44]Macgowan and Jones, Continental Stagecraft, New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1922. p. 211.

[45]It was produced in the center of the gymnasium with Raymond Sovey as designer.

This method of staging received even more acknowledgment when Gilmor Brown used it in presenting plays at the Pasadena Playhouse in 1924.

One of the greatest champions of theatre-in-the-round is Glenn Hughes. His book, The Penthouse Theatre, describes the birth of his circular playhouse and encourages others to attempt productions in this same manner. His first production was presented in the drawing room of a penthouse in Seattle in 1932. Hughes' purpose was to give his students better opportunities for practical theatre experience. The initial public production was presented on November 4th and consisted of three one-act plays.[46] Later in the season, he directed his first three-act play.[47] Glenn Hughes' productions were so successful that , in 1940, a new playhouse was designed on the University of Washington campus, and it is still drawing customers from all over Seattle and surrounding territories. The Penthouse Theatre has only three rows of seats encircling it. Mr. Hughes explained this by stating; "It has been our observation that at Penthouse plays people in the first three rows are actually in the play. After the fourth row they begin to feel themselves outside of it."[48]

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[46] The first one-acts were Episode by Schnitzler, The Stranger by Strindberg, and A Sunny Morning by Quintero.

[47] The first three-act play was Ibsen's Ghosts.

[48] Hughes, G., The Penthouse Theatre, (New York. 1942) pp. 24-25.

Glenn Hughes has devoted most of his time to drawing room comedies, becuase he feels these are ideal for the theatre plant at Washington University. This does not mean he believes the works of past great dramatists cannot be adapted to arena theatre. He state: "The actual reason why we do not present tragedy is that our audience wouldn't like it as well. The Penthouse Theatre is bright and gay and sociable. We like it that way and so does the public."[49]

The original professional theatre-in-the-round in America was opened in Dallas, Texas, in the summer of 1947, with Margo Jones as director. The theatre's name is changed every year to coincide with the date. It is now called Theatre Fifty-Two.[50] Margo Jones' Book, Theatre-in-the-Round, is another strong advocate of this method of presentation.

Directors, actors, playwrights, and, most important of all, audiences, have become enthusiastic over circular staging. In Norris Houghton's book, Advance from Broadway, he pointed up the importante of this trenc in theatre by stating: "The production idea back of the Penthouse Theatre

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49. Ibid., p. 41.

50. Houghton, N., Advance from Broadway, (New York, 1941) p. 164.

I believe to be of great importance---I believe the theatre must face the problem of redefinition of its form as a result of the advance of the motion pictures."[51]

John Mason Brown's enthusiasm was expressed in his review of an arena style production of "Leaf and Bough":

> "I realized that for once I was in a theatre where actors cannot cheat, where they must listen as players seldom listen; and where they must be as true in their postures from the back or side as they are in their facial expressions or their voices....More than being spectators, playgoers had for once come close to being participants. Moreover, I felt the joys of that stimulating pleasure which the theatre seldom grants to us who sit out front. I mean the pleasure which comes from having the imagination called upon to do its contributive work instead of being dismissed from active duty."[52]

In March of 1949, Theatre Arts Magazine took a poll concerning the general opinions of circular theatre of those people established in the theatre world. Vinton Freedley stated: "There is a fluidity of movement, a three-dimensional quality of the playing, a closer intimacy between player and audience that cannot be achieved through the frame of the proscenium arch."[53]

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[51] Ibid., p. 164.

[52] Brown, J. M., "Review of Leaf and Bough In-The-Round, Saturday Review of Literature, Apr. 3, 1948, pp. 24-25.

[53] Freedley, V., "Theatre-In-The-Round", Theatre Arts Magazine, March, 1949. p. 48.

Albert McCleery said: "Such a step, enabling the professional theatre to make use of the newest and most economical technique, might well begin a new era for playwright, designer, and producer." [54]

Is not arena theatre closer to the Elizabethan's own theatre? Margo Jones believes "Shakespeare fits central staging like a glove" and goes on to say, "Shakespeare in-the-round seems to be natural, probably because Mr. Shakespeare wrote for a stage that was very similar. Mr. Shakespeare sets the stage with his words. Never is there need of more than a few benches, stools, and now and then a table .... Since no curtains are used in central staging, there is no change of their interrupting the flow of the scenes." [55]

Shakespeare's audience encircled the Lord Chamberlain's Men on three sides. In this close contact, perhaps they could almost feel the very breath of Angelo's violence as he gazed upon Isabella or maybe they were confused, along with Escalus, at Elbow's explanations at the trial scene. Certainly they did not sit and gaze from a distance upon a

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[54] McCleery, A., "The Next Step", Theatre Arts Magazine (March, 1949), p. 62.

[55] Jones, M., "Doing What Comes Naturally", Theatre Arts Magazine (June, 1949), p. 55.

stage boxed in on three sides, while Isabella was pleading for her brother's life. Shakespeare's audience closely shared the emotions with the actors as audiences can again today if his works are allowed to escape from the proscenium arch to an intimate theatre or a theatre-in-the-round.

One of the greatest problems Shakespearean directors encounter today is the maintaining of the Shakespearean continuity and rhythm in his plays. This continuity suffers from the box set, the curtain, the long scene changes necessary on such a set. If these same directors can some day take advantage of the circular stage method of production, perhaps the greatest dramatist of all times will once again regain the brisk continuity and fluidity which his plays have lost through the proscenium arch.

It is felt by Kenneth Macgowan, Glenn Hughes, Margo Jones, and, as time passes, many others, that theatre-in-the-round is the savior of live drama, the answer to that cold and uncompromising fourth wall, and the birth of a theatre that will unite the hearts and minds of the audience, playwright, and actor once again into a unity that will produce far greater dramatic endeavors than have been seen in the past century.

PART TWO

CHAPTER V

SUGGESTED COSTUMES FOR MEASURE FOR MEASURE

"There is no historical play of Shakespeare's which takes place in Elizabeth's reign, but it is considered by a great authority on the Shakespearean Theatre, Mr. Wm. Peel, founder of the Elizabethan Stage Society, that the proper method of dressing all the plays is in the costume of Shakespeare's own day!"[1]

It was decided to costume Measure for Measure in the Elizabethan period because (1) Measure for Measure could have easily taken place in London without changing the context; (2) that was the period in which Shakespeare wrote his plays; (3) the Elizabethan period was one of numerous changes in dress and there is a varied assortment of styles to choose from; (4) the Elizabethan costumes have a certain vigor about them that seems appropriate for the general mood of Measure for Measure.

"The tremendous scope of the sixteenth century--its aggresiveness, its assurance, its change of thought, ideals, and aims, its curiosity about new things--was reflected in the lines, color, and material of costume."[2]

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1. N. Stone, The Bankside Costume Book, (London, n.d.), p.84.

2. F.P.Walkup, Dressing The Part, (New Y ork, 1947), p.139.

The sixteenth century brought an extraordinary revolution in dress. "The squareness and breadth"[3] of the early sixteenth century was replaced by closer fitting well-padded lines.

Men appeared in doublets as part of the apparent costume instead of as an under garment.[4] The doublet was fitted tightly to the body and was waist length. The lines of this doublet tapered from shoulder to waist and accented the slim figure. It was fastened up the front with buttons or laces. As the doublet was originally an undergarment, it had no sleeves, but now they were added.

The ruff appeared and grew to impossible proportions. It started as a small edging about an inch wide and developed into 10 or 12 inches. Gradually, the ruff came to be pleated in thick layers. As the vogue of lace developed, the ruff was edged with it.

The hose separated into breeches and stockings. The breeches were sometimes called "slops." It is not certain exactly when silk stockings, as such, were first introduced. By 1575 they were known and used by the nobility and by the end of the century they were fairly common. For those who could not afford the extravagance

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[3] Loc. cit.

[4] The doublet was also used as an extra garment or vest, padded for warmth.

of silk hose, jersey was a good substitute. The coat was still worn over the doublet, and was of waist or hip length; for travel it might even be long to the ankles. The shorter cloaks were worn open, to show the lining and the finery beneath. The favorite materials were silk, velvet and taffeta and the favorite colors were white, black, red, green, russet, yellow and violet.

Shoes were moderately rounded or pointed. They were shaped with points over the instep, usually decorated with rosettes. Leather, velvet and felt were the usual materials for shoes.

Young men wore their hair short, with small pointed beards; the pointed mustache was also small; the beard was not always worn.

Gold and jeweled hatbands, brooches, rings, chains, and jeweled rosettes were prevalent. Gloves, handkerchiefs, mirrors, and combs were a part of every gentleman's wardrobe. Dandies uses perfumes, curled and oiled their hair, and waxed their mustaches.

The women wore drawers and stokings, held up by ribbon garters about the legs or by laces to the waistband. Corsets with wooden stomachers in front and whalebone stays were necessary to the close-fitting bodices. Petticoats were worn. The use of many under garments

was encouraged by the introduction of soap. There was also an increase in the use of lace and ruffs. The usual dress consisted of a bodice and skirt. The bodice had stiff lines, padded and boned, and worn over a stiff corset. It followed the lines of the corset. The high-necked bodice was finished with a large ruff or else had an upright collar with a smaller ruffle. The low necked bodice was common and worn out-of-doors as well as indoors. The sleeves were stiff and stuffed so much that the arms appeared awkward. Other sleeves were sometimes worn over the stiff dress sleeves; the added sleeves might hang loose from the shoulder, or from the elbows.

The ruff dominated sixteenth century detail. Starched and laced , it grew in width with the same progress as the men's.

The farthingale which held out the skirt was most fashionable in English circles. The "wheel farthingale" consisted of a roll tied about the hips, or of a steel framework hinged and fastened about the waist. Over this the full or gathered skirt was draped. The skirt might be opened down the front, or draped over the kirtle beneath and held together at intervals with ribbons.

A loose cloak was worn and varied from hip length

to knee length. Circular cloaks with hoods were still worn. Velvet shoes of simple fashion, made of leather, velvet, silk or cloth, were worn.

Jewelry was prominent, especially pearls. They were worn as necklaces, hair pieces, or as bracelets. Single jewels were worn in the hair and on the costume. Rings, brooches, bracelets, jewelled buttons, gold points, and other colorful ornaments were in use. Diamonds rubies, and other precious stones were popular. Watches came into vogue, but were rarely worn by women.

Fans of ostrich or peacock feathers were prominent. The ruffs abolished the low, elaborate hair arrangements. It was now brought up to the top and knotted. The hair was curled in a fuzzy fashion. It was also worn brushed back from the forehead, and puffed, pompadour style. If the hair was thin, false hair was added. If hair was not the desired shade, it was dyed. Many women in England dyed their hair red, in emulation of the Queen.[5]

The cap was still worn. The velvet bonnet with narrow brim, was adorned with a plume or a jewelled brooch.

Merchants were substantial, but plain clothes. Workmen wore a doublet or jerkin. If the jerkin was

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5. F. P. Walkup, Dressing The Part (New York, 1947) p. 162.

worn, it showed the full white sleeves of the shirt beneath. Long, loose-fitting, wool hose and loose breeches covered the legs. Shoes were of soft leather with wooden soles. A countryman would wear a sheepskin doublet, felt hat, plain leather pouch, and heavy shoes. Servants wore the arms of their masters embroidered in silver on their left arms. Lower servants wore blue coats, like the apprentices.

The evolution of style owes much to Queen Elizabeth because of her interest in it and the variety (more than three thousand dresses)[6] of costumessshe affected during her reign.

Costumes create a large portion of the atmosphere of an arena production due to the fact that sets must be limited and extreme makeup avoided. The costume must be beautifully and perfectly executed. It must be thoroughly authentic as to style, materials, and the minutest details because of the proximity of the audience.

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6. Ibid., p. 161.

Plate I

ARTICLES OF COSTUMES

Houppleande

Doublet

Trunk hose

Stockings (tights)

ACCESSORIES

Shoes

Sword and sword carriage

Rings

PLATE I

ANGELO

Plate II

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Bell farthengale

Skirt

Low-necked bodice

High-necked bodice

Manchez Volantes (oversleeves)

"Mary" cap

ACCESSORIES

Rings

Earrings

Brooches

PLATE II

JULIET

Plate III

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Cape

Jerkin

Doublet

Upper trunks

Canions

Nether stocks

ACCESSORIES

Shoes

Hat

Sword and sword carriage

Garters

PLATE III

CLAUDIO

Plate IV

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Circular cape and hood

Cassock

Cowl

ACCESSORIES

Sandals

Rope

Skull cap

PLATE IV

"THE DUKE"

Plate V

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Surcoat

Skirt

Bell farthengale

Bodice

"Mary" cap

ACCESSORIES

Ruff

Rings

Chain

Earrings

PLATE V

MARIANNA

Plate VI

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Cape

Doublet

Stockings

Upper stockings

ACCESSORIES

Sword and sword carriage

Rings

Ruff

Crown hat

Shoes

PLATE VI

LUCIO

Plate VII

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Bell farthengale

Skirt

Petticoat

Bodice

Over sleeves

Under sleeves

ACCESSORIES

Rings

Ruff

Veil

Earrings

PLATE VII

Plate VIII

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Cowl

Habit

Wimple

Veil

ACCESSORIES

Cross and chain

Rosary or rope (waist)

Gold ring on third finger of left hand

Black shoes

PLATE VIII

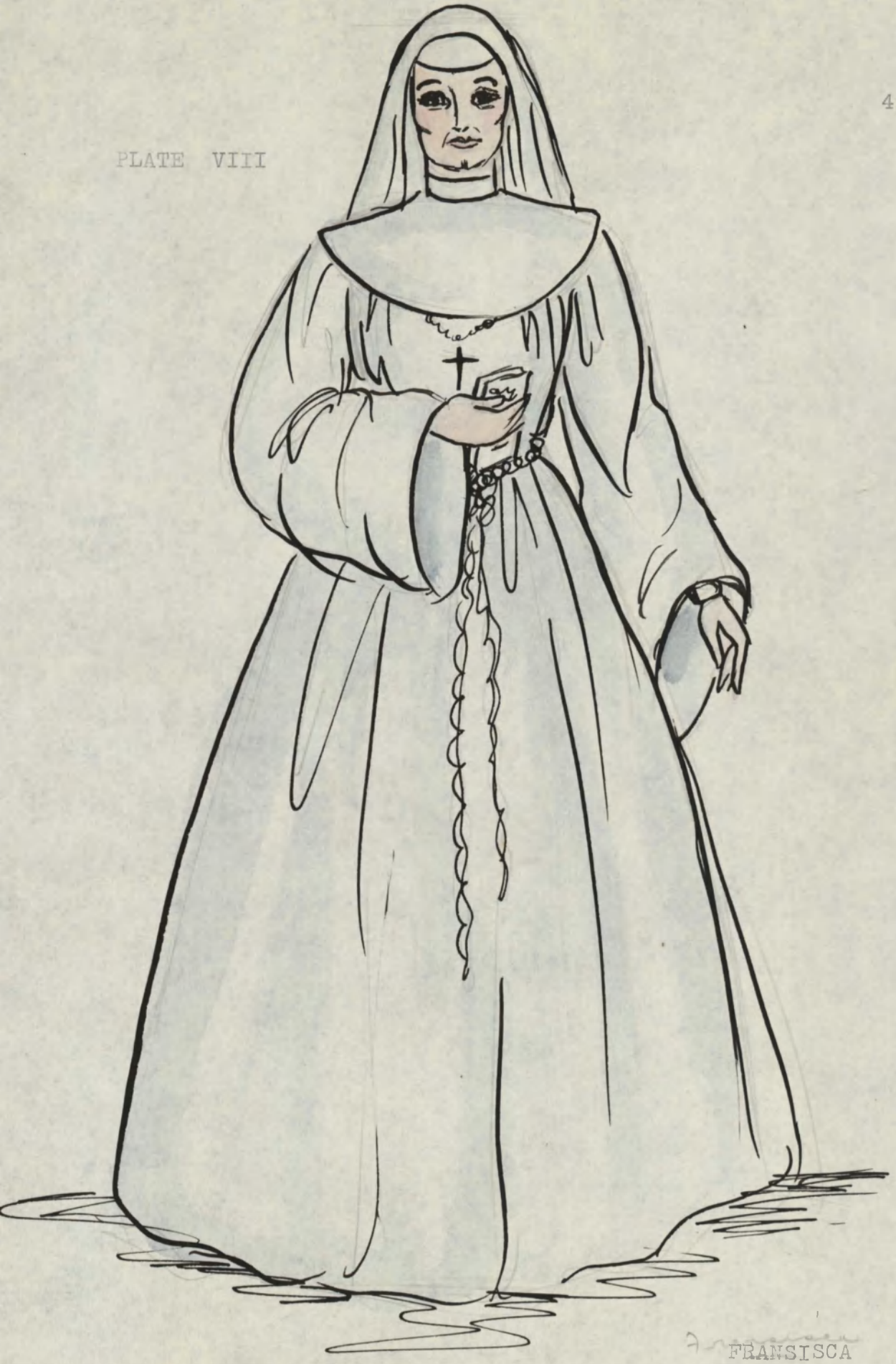


Plate IX

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Cowl

Wimple

Habit

Veil

Cloak

ACCESSORIES

Cross and chain

Rosary or rope (waist)

Black shoes

PLATE IX

Plate X

ARTICLES OF COSTUME

Cowl

Cassock

ACCESSORIES

Skull cap

Sandals

Rope (waist)

PLATE X

FRIAR THOMAS

CHAPTER VI

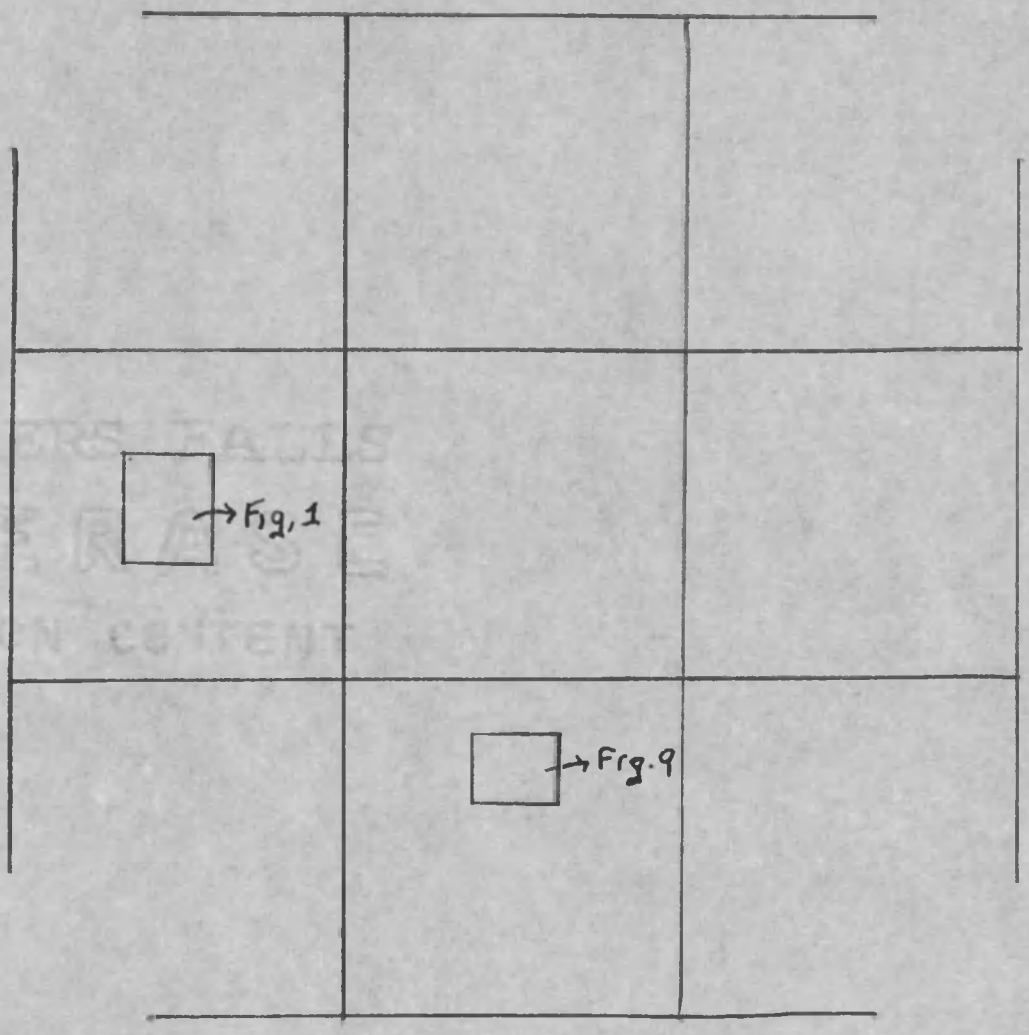
SUGGESTED SETTINGS FOR MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The proposed sets for Measure for Measure are aimed at a dignified and pleasing atmosphere for this Shakespearean play. There is so much meaning in Shakespeare's text that if you load the eye with too many unnecessary elements, the mind will not be able to concentrate upon the play itself. No attempt has been made to do more than satisfy the conditions essential to the effective suggestion of the scenic environment. Simplification of settings is aimed for and emphasized. The street scenes are to be played in the blank arena because it is believed that if an actor can suggest a piece of scenery (as is done so often in Shakespeare) or a prop, the audience will believe that it's there. A Shakespearean play should flow continuously, and long waits between scenes will hurt this flow. The settings were arranged with the thought constantly in mind that they must be able to be changed quickly.

With Shakespeare, the importance of the settings assumes different proportions than settings of contemporary authors. The sets are to be considered

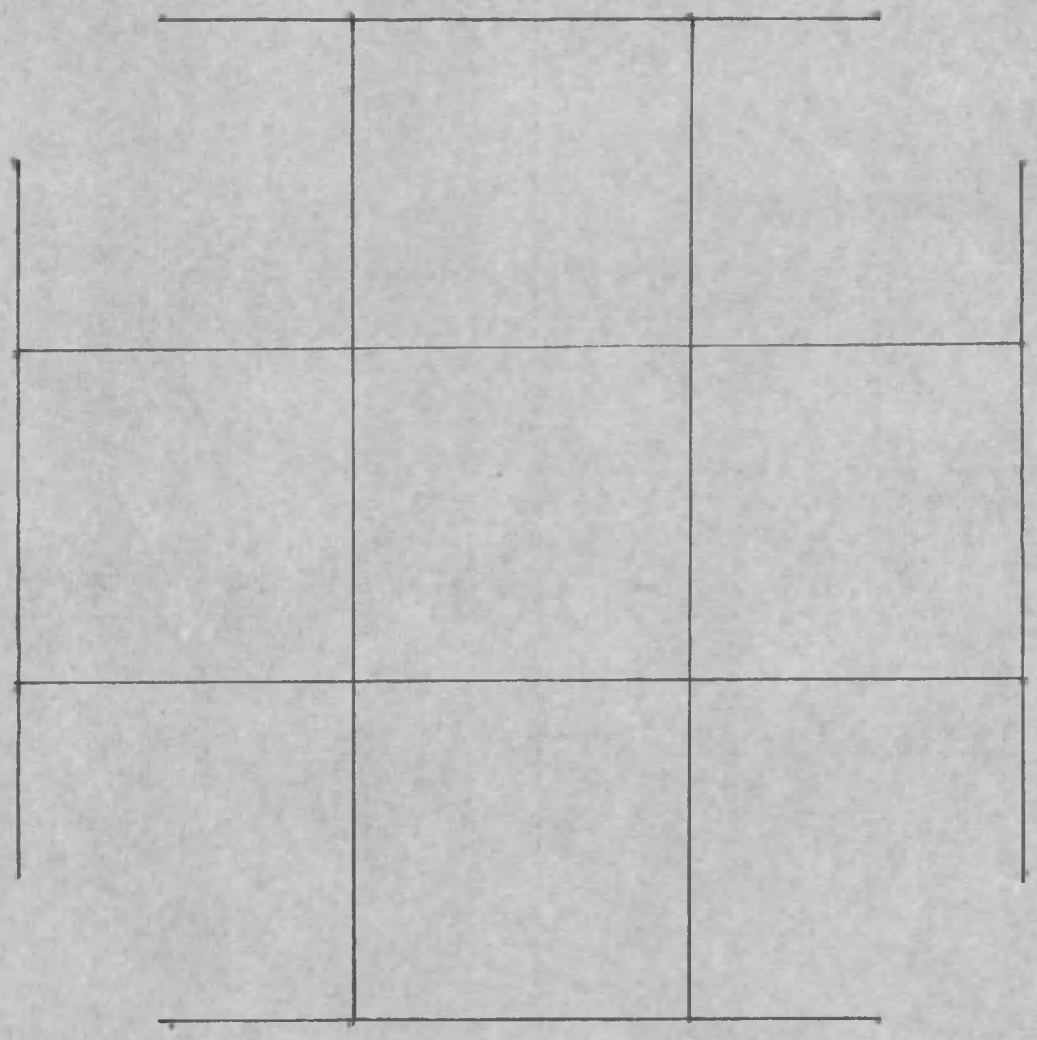
a background for the actor's ability to project Shakespeare's universal truths and memorable poetry.

Furniture should be distributed in arena staging so that there will be as many playing areas as possible. Furniture must be so low as not to obstruct the view. It must be functional and authentic setting as scenery is avoided, and the furniture itself must show the atmosphere of the play.



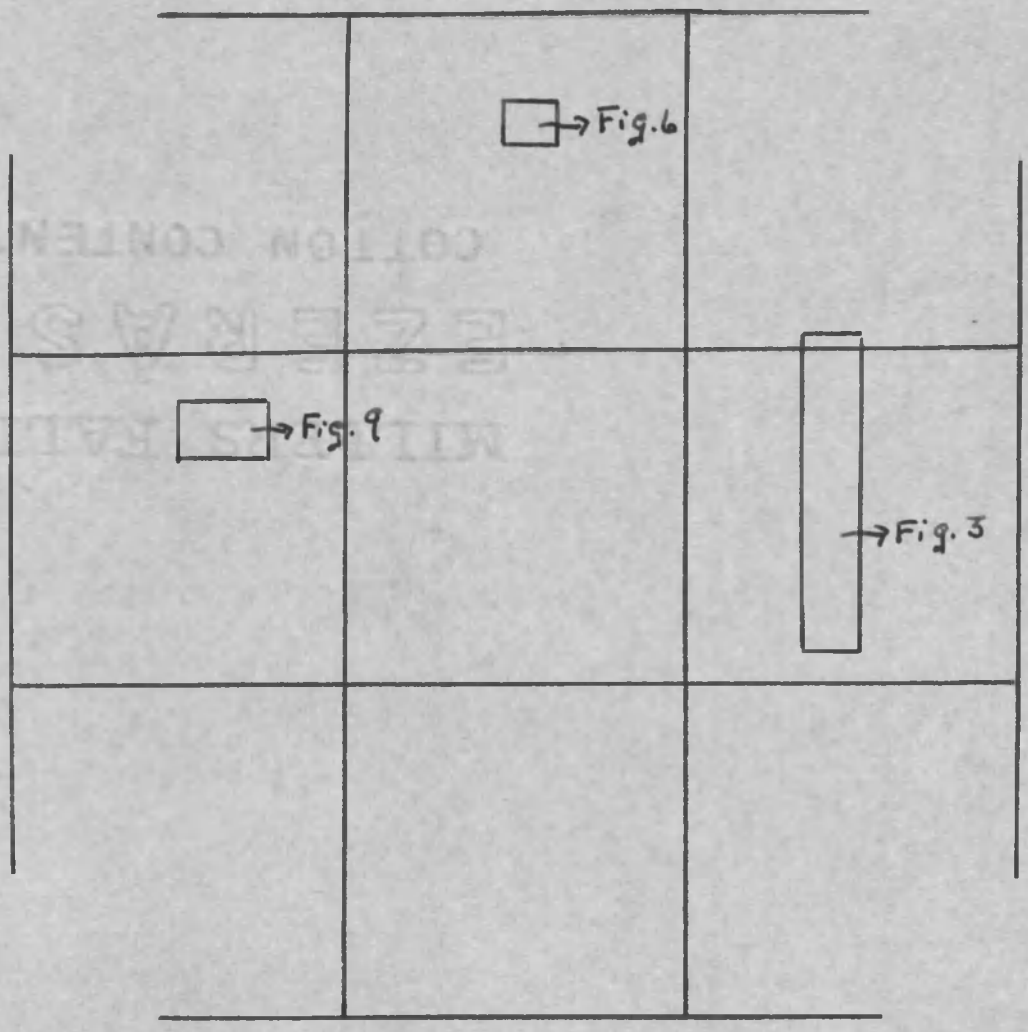
Act I, Scene 1

Duke's Palace



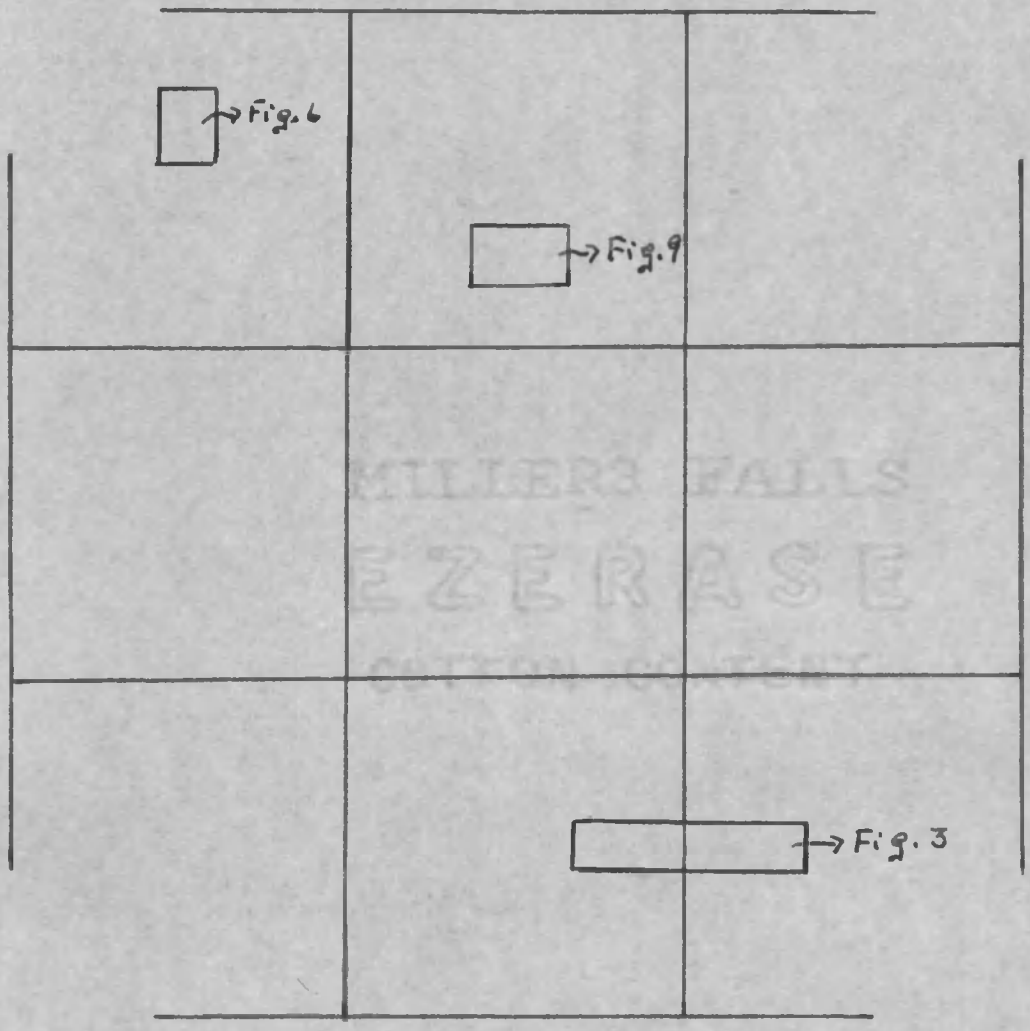
Act I, Scene 2

A Street



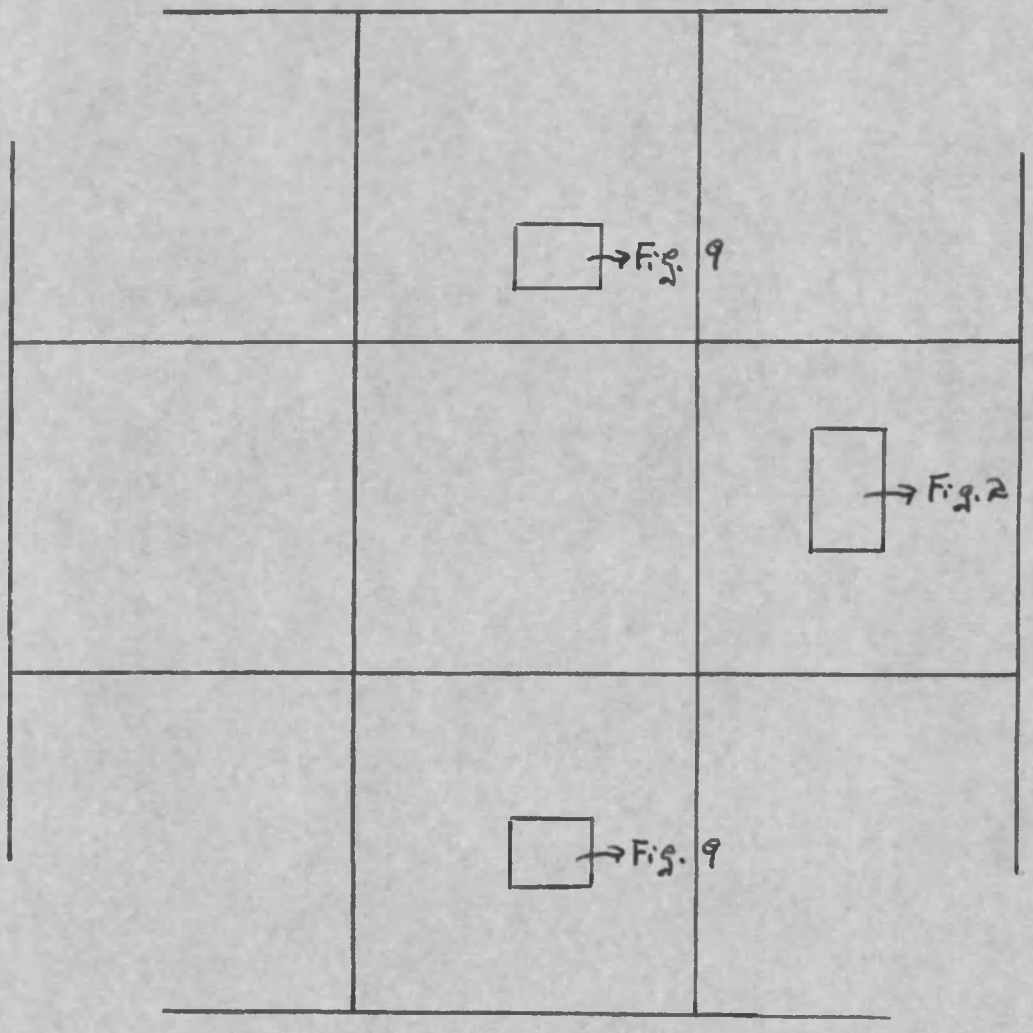
Act I, Scene 3

Monastery



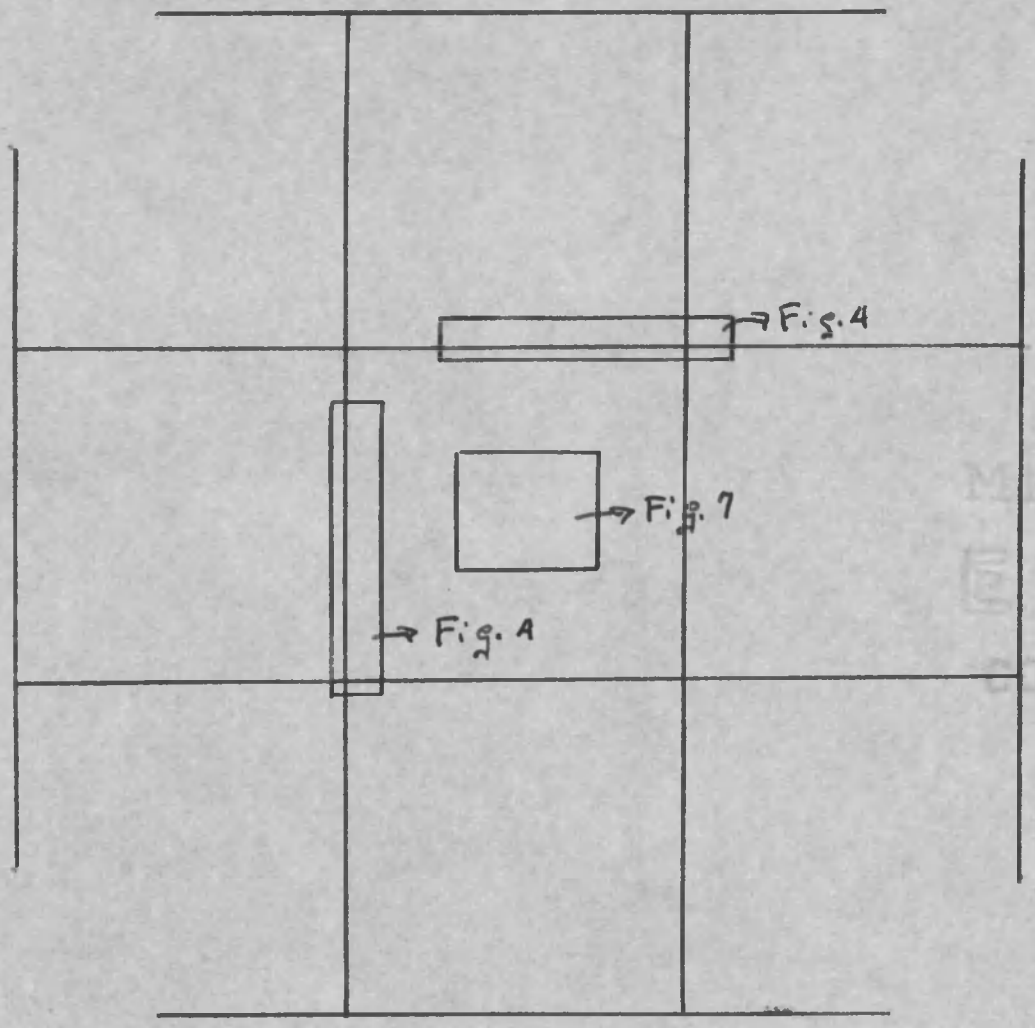
Act I, Scene 4

Nunnery



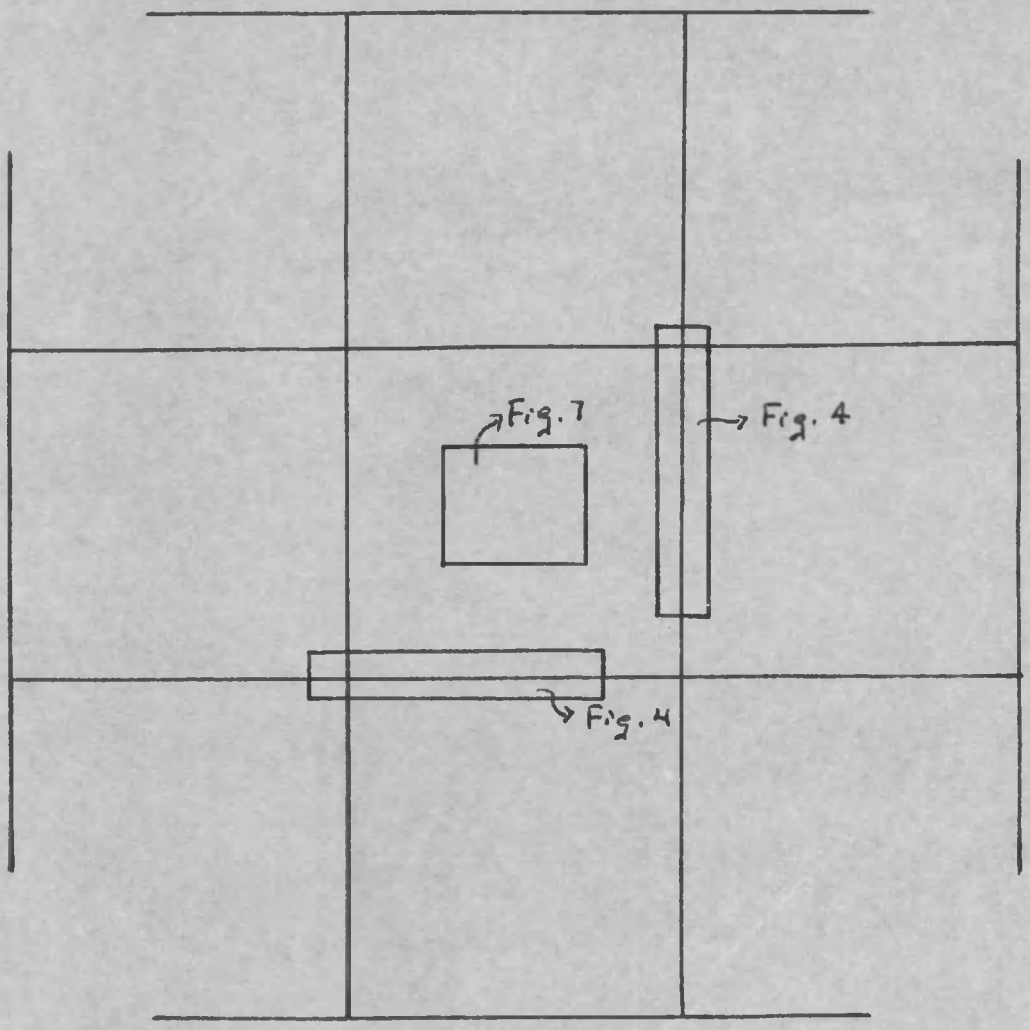
Act II, Scenes 1, 2, & 4
Act IV, Scene 4

Hall in Angelo's House



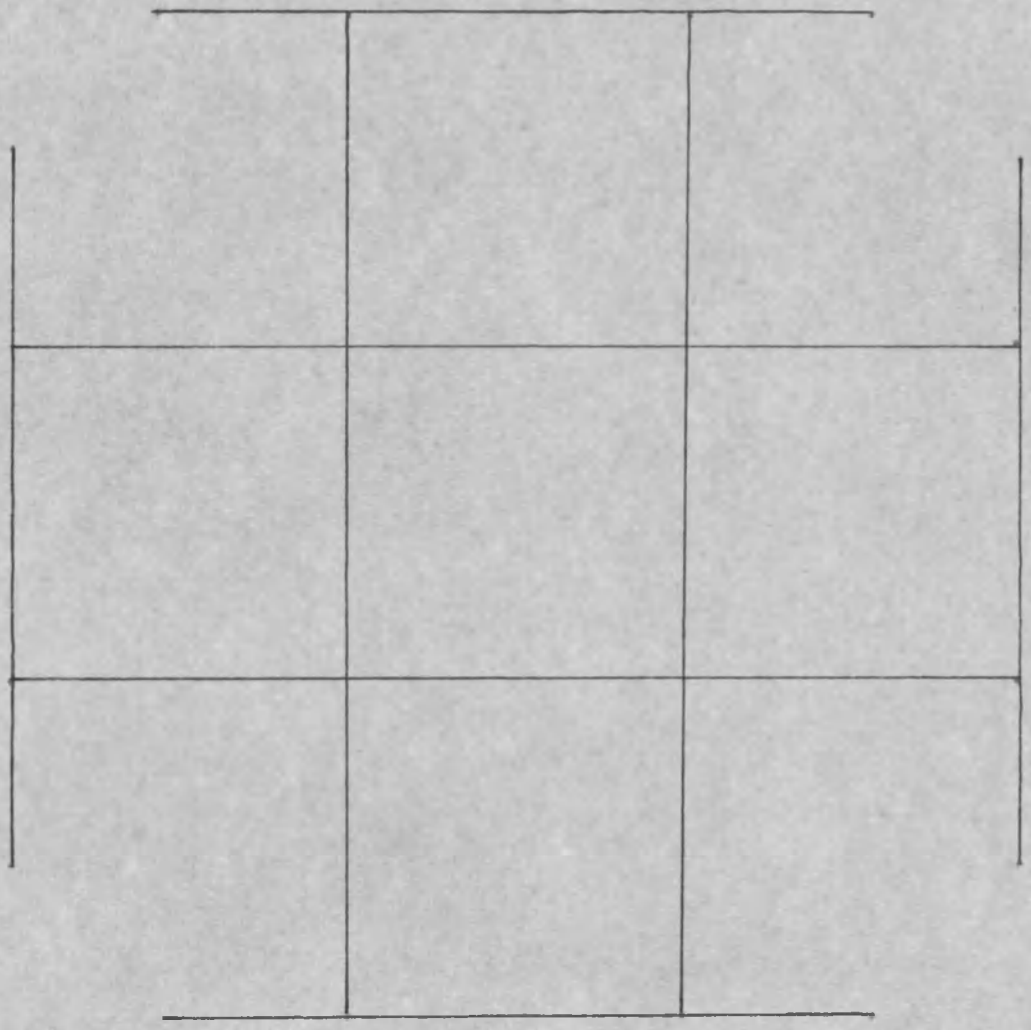
Act II, Scene 3
Act IV, Scene 3

Room in the Prison

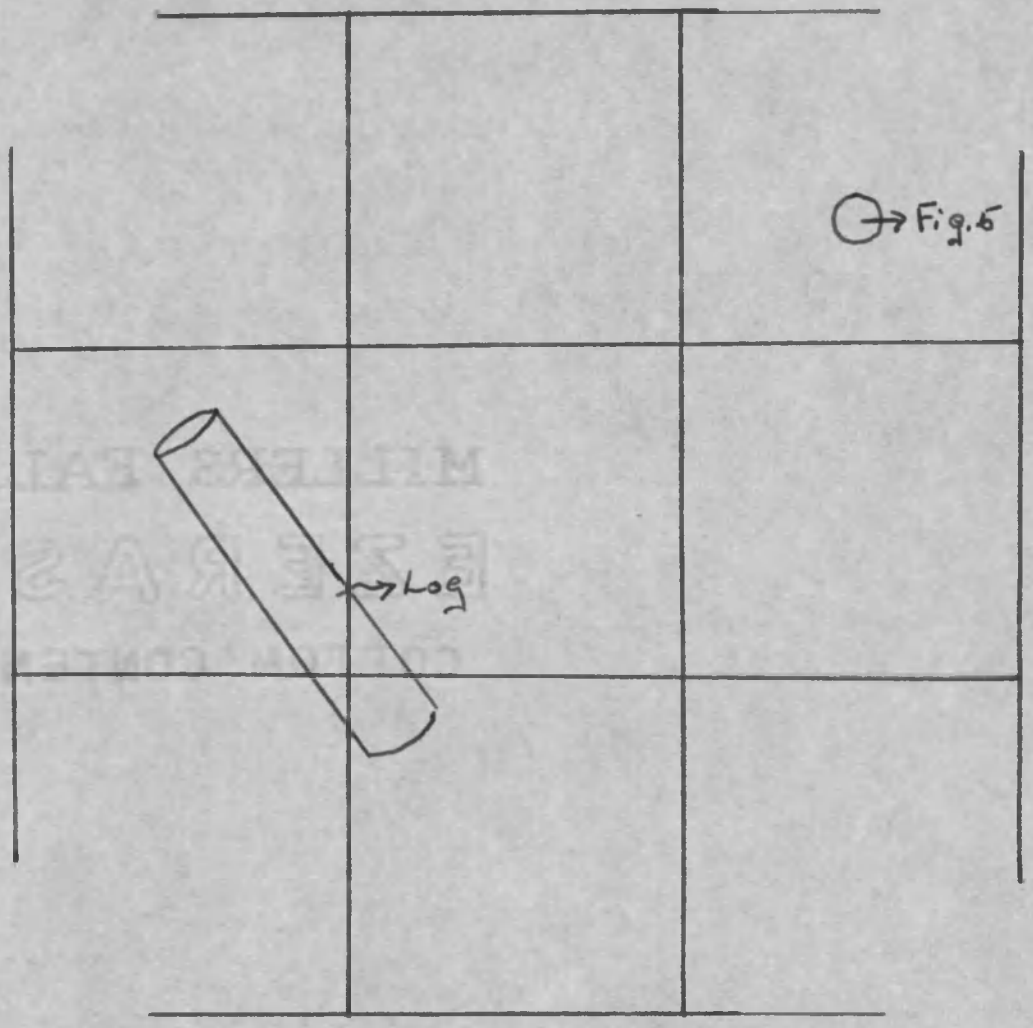


Act III, Scene 1

Prison

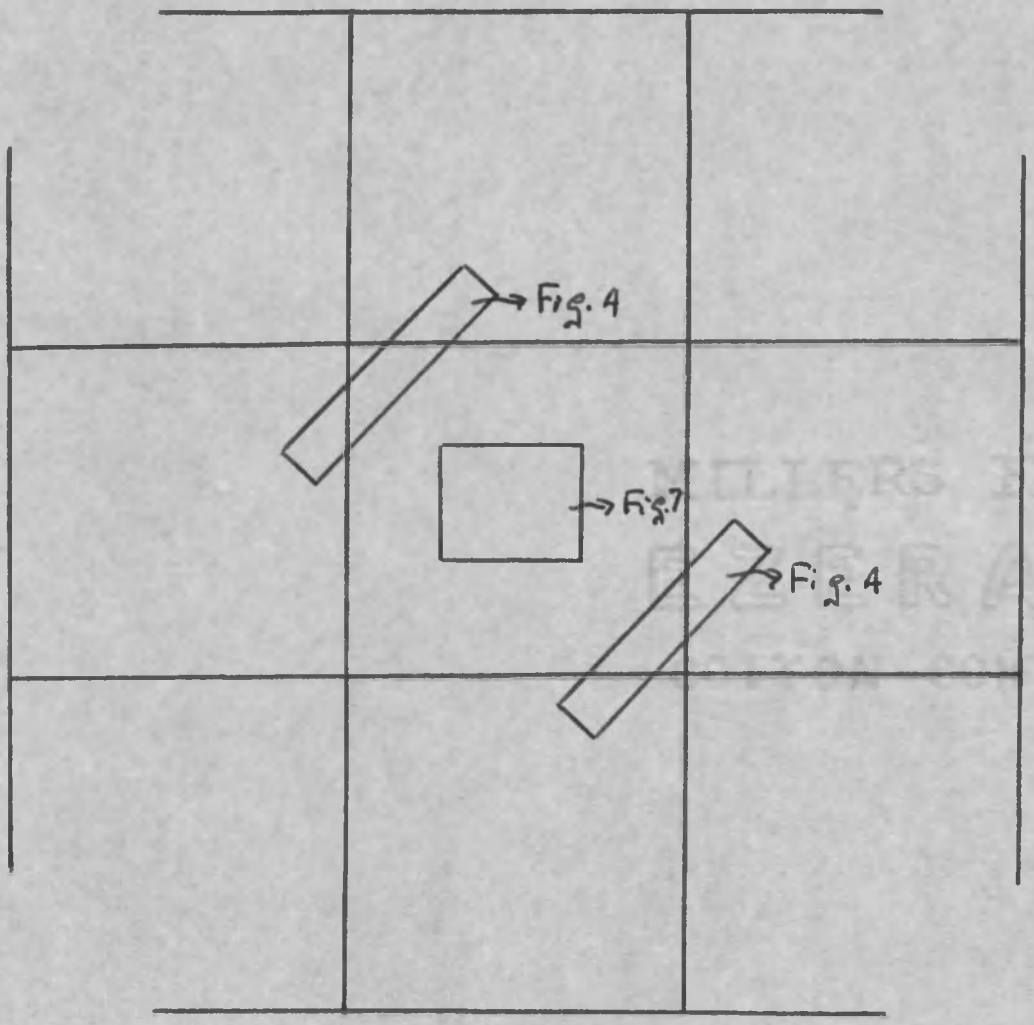


Act III, Scene 2
A Street



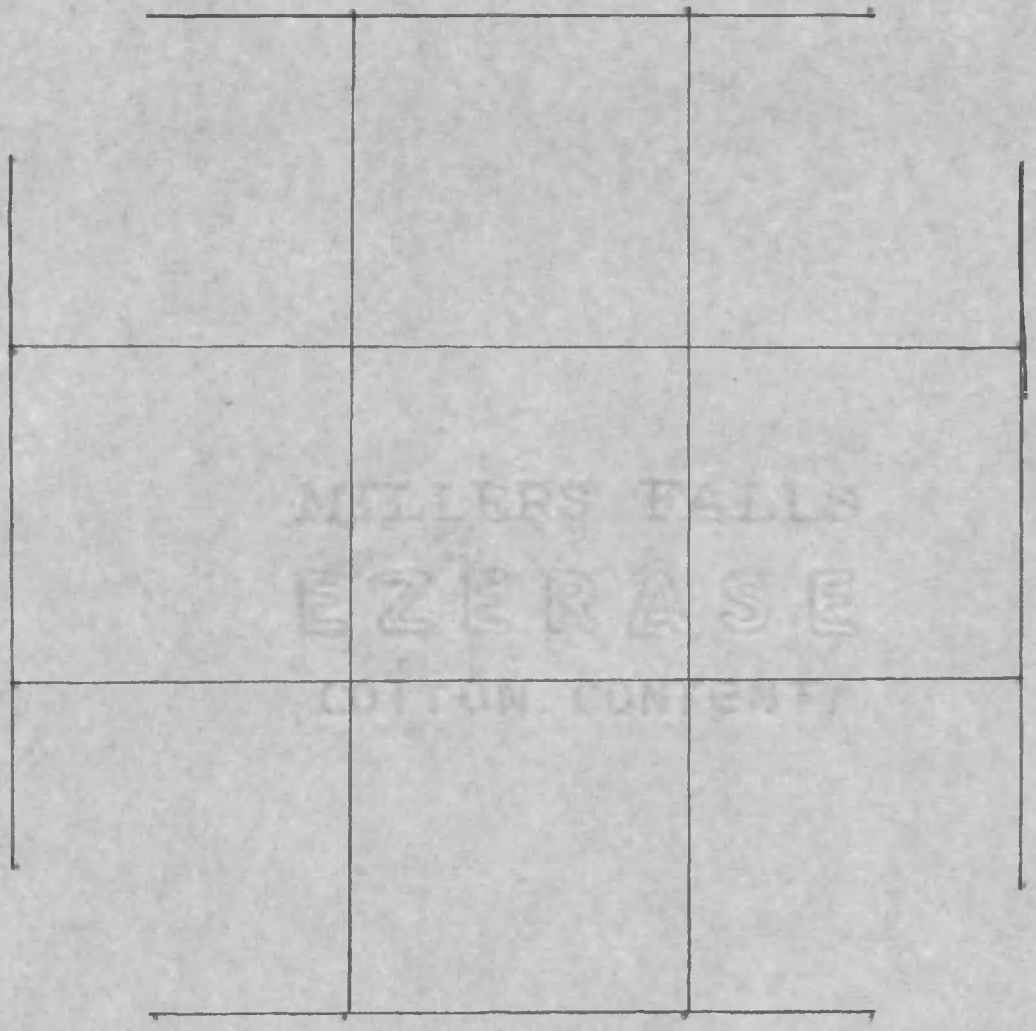
Act IV, Scene 1

Moated Grange

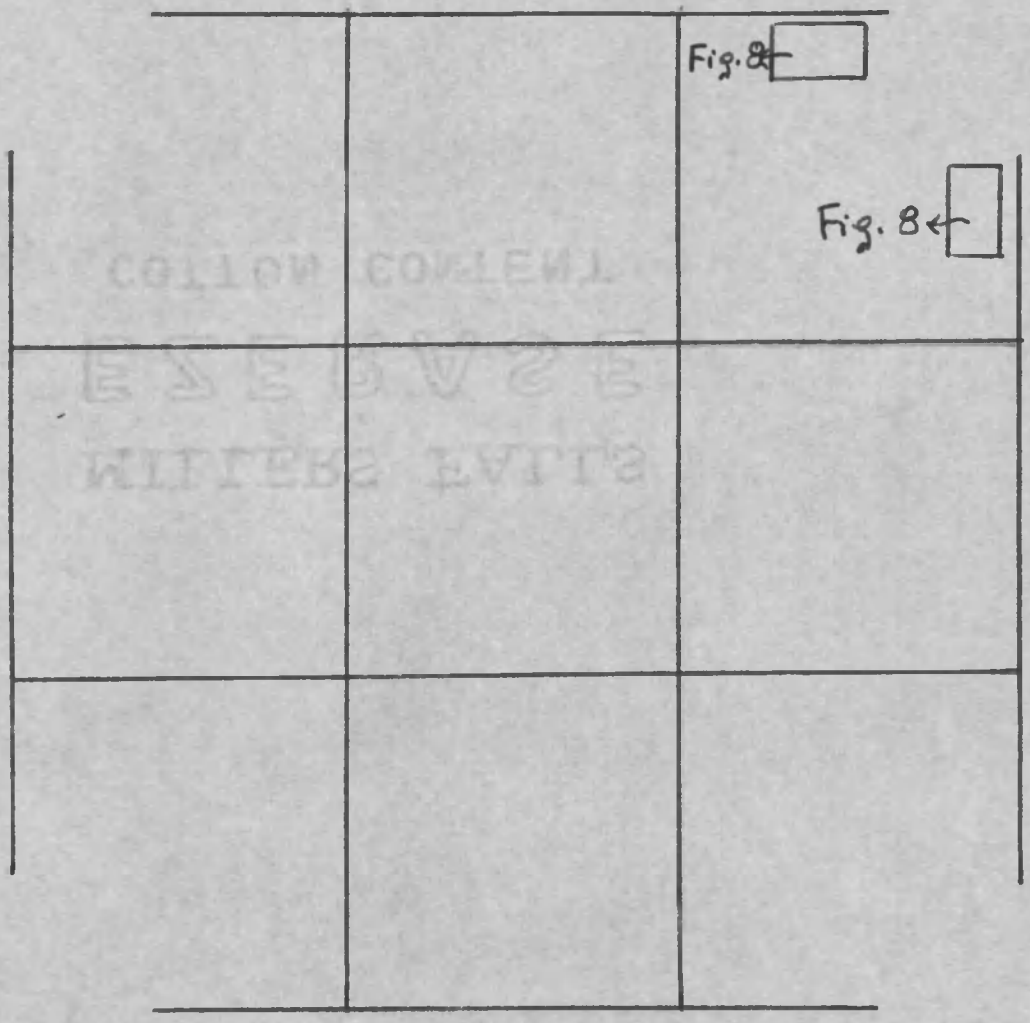


Act III, Scene 2

Room in the Prison



Act IV, Scene 5+6
A Street



Act V

Before the City Gates

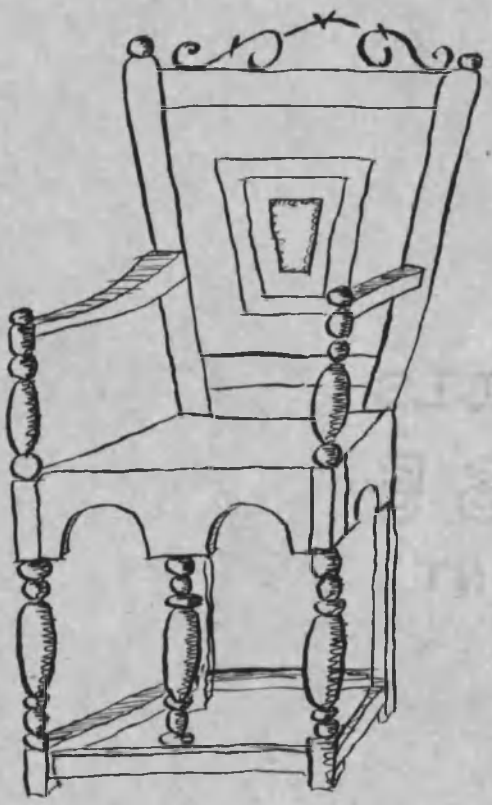


Figure 1

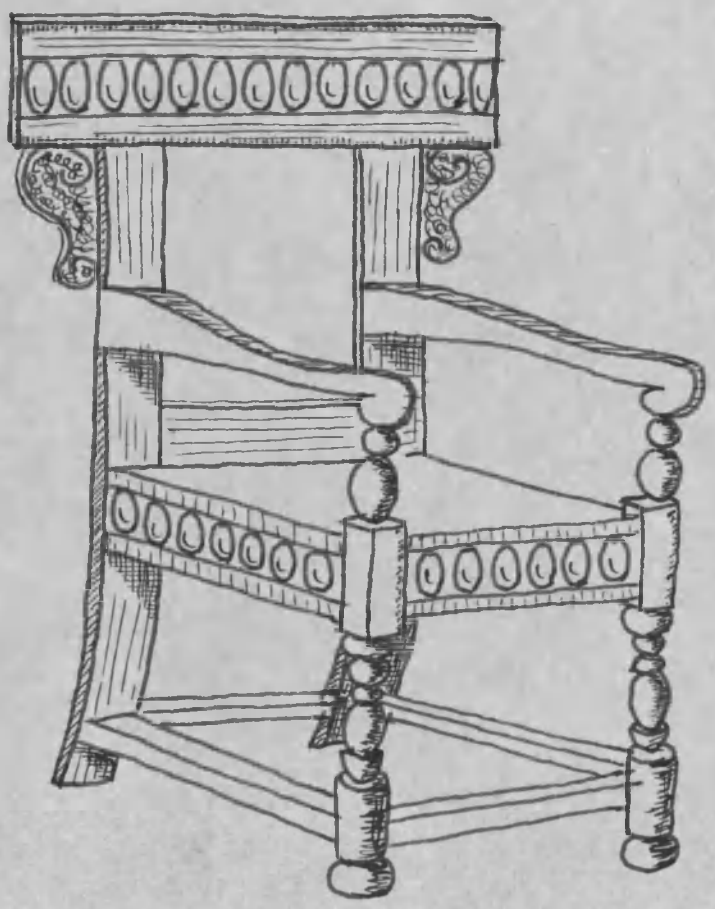


Figure 2

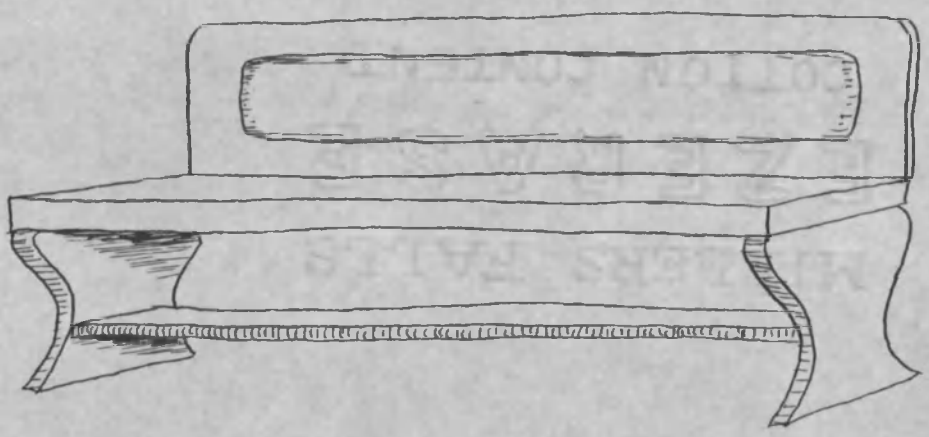


Figure 3

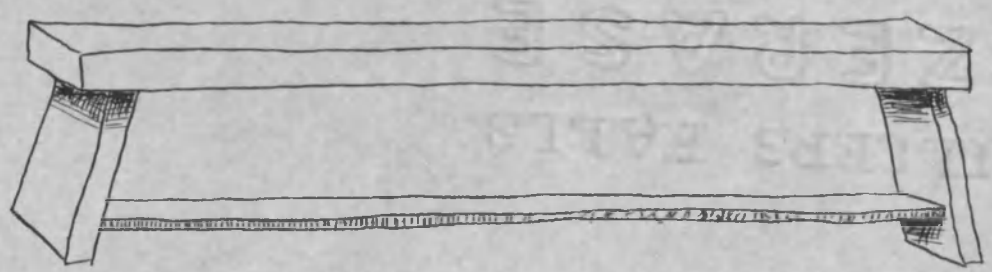


Figure 4

Figure 5

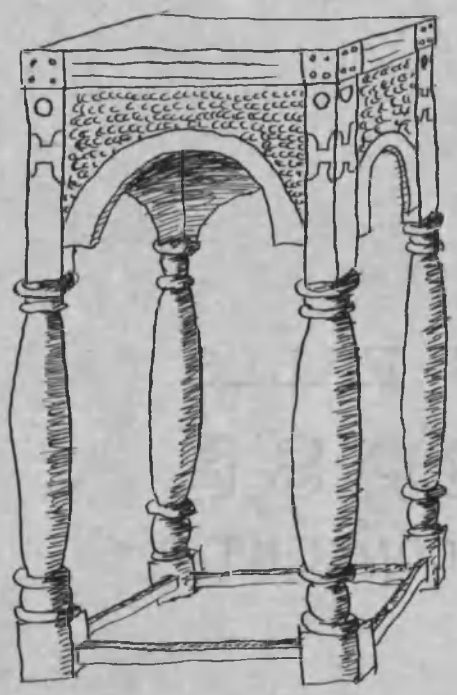
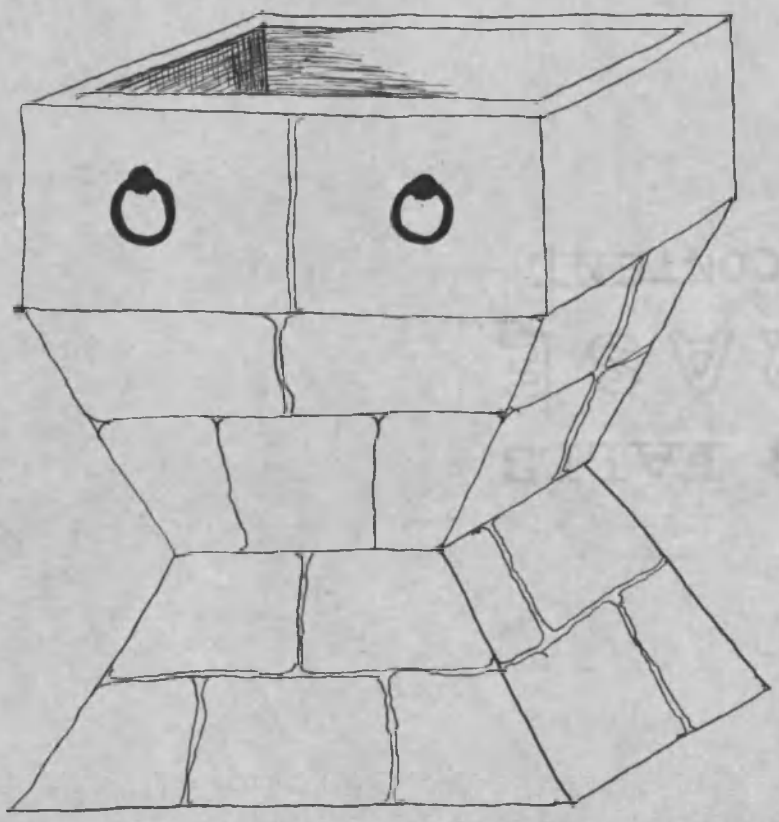


Figure 6



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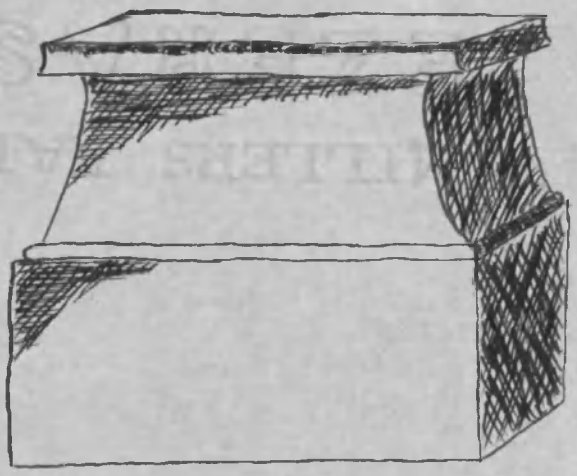


Figure 8

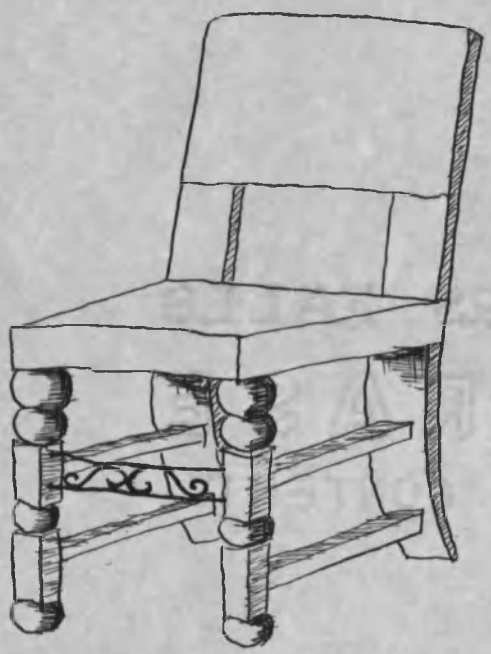


Figure 9

CHAPTER VII

A SUGGESTED LIGHT PLOT FOR MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Lighting for Measure for Measure should be simple. The audience must get the play from Shakespeare's lines, not through fake effects. The lights must remain subordinate to the actors.

Lighting has added functions in arena staging. It becomes the curtain which opens and closes a scene; it helps suggest the physical setting of the play and create the mood; it highlights and emphasizes the playing area as a focus.

There is only one special spotlight and that is used for the prison scene. It is hoped that this light will give the effect of a room closed in on all four sides. The simple, but effective lighting plot follows.

All spots are 250 watt Fresnels.

All "Sub 1" spots are steel blue.

All "Sub 2" spots are light straw.

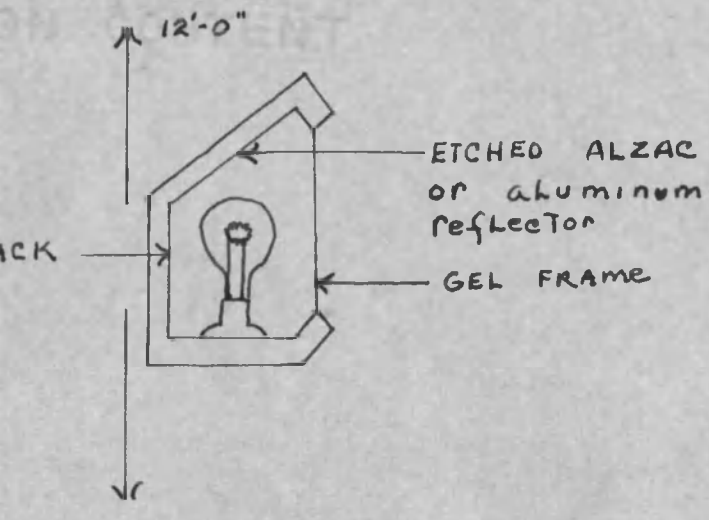
All entrance spots have no gels.

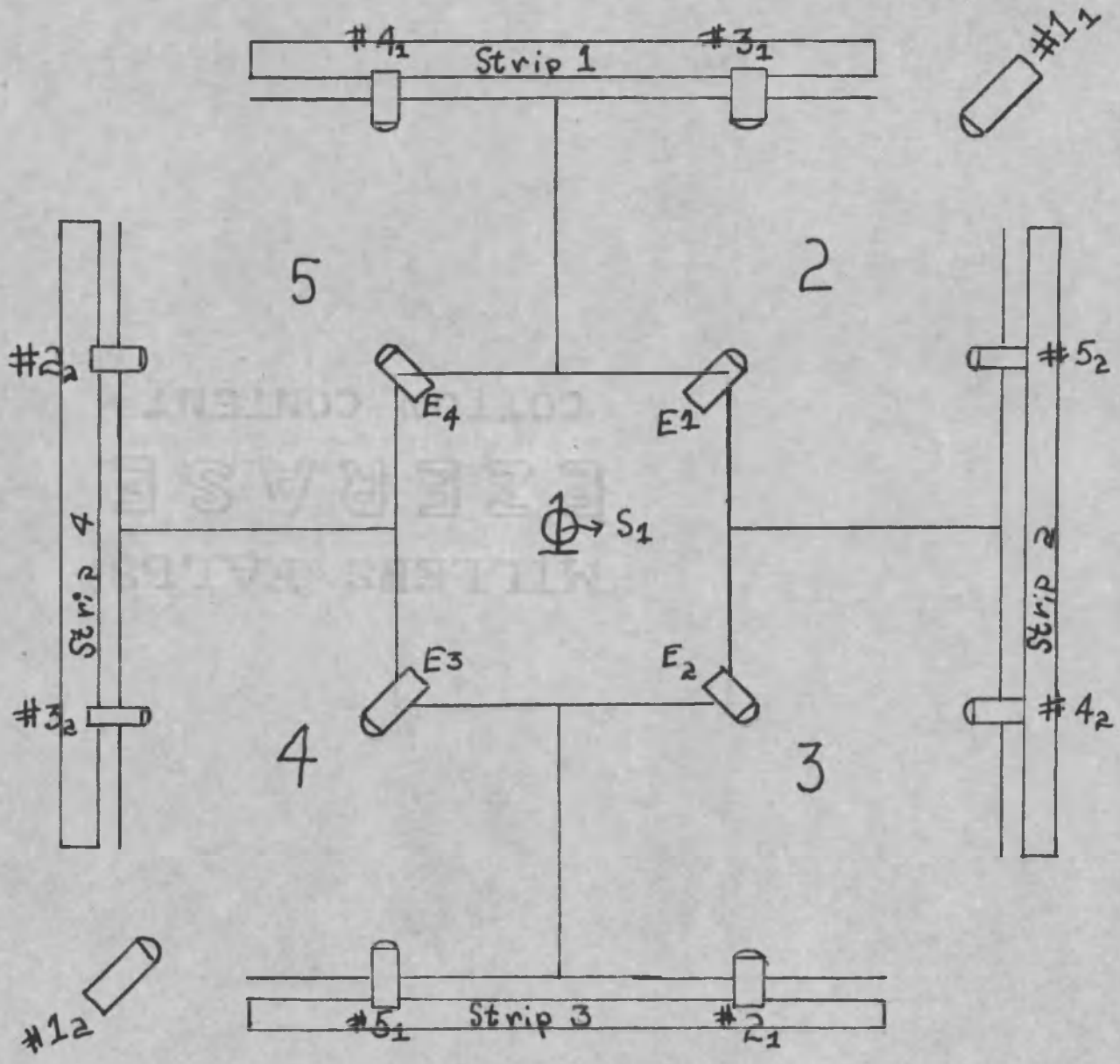
S1 has no gel.

Strip lights are two-circuit-strips; each circuit is 250 W; 1 circuit is light straw and the other is steel blue.

All spots and strips are mounted at a height of 12'0".

Illustration of a spot light:




#4₁
Strip 1
#3₁
#1₁
5
2
#2₂
Strip 4
E4
E1
S1
#5₂
Strip 2
E3
E2
#3₂
#4₂
4
3
#1₂
#5₁
Strip 3
#2₁

CHAPTER VIII

DIRECTORIAL PHILOSOPHY

> For there is a reward in playing Shakespeare and in seeing his plays well done. There is food alike for the poet, the philosopher, the business man, and the truck driver.[1]

It is impossible to place on paper a definite outline of the methods to be used in a production before that production has gone into rehearsal. There can be no complete blueprint until director, costumer, art director, and actor meet and discuss said production from various view points. A director's ideas on a play will change when he sees the material he has to work with. The prompt book and technical chapters show more thoroughly the methods used in treating Measure for Measure.

However, there are certain basic rules that are unchangeable regardless of cast or circumstances. At all times Measure for Measure must be thought of as a complete unit. It cannot be directed as small scenes which will be united in the last week of rehearsal and still expect the continuity of Shakespeare to survive. Continuity of action is the one absolutely necessary element of the production. Director, actor, costumer, and art director, alike, must look upon the play as a complete unit.

Conflicting interests must never be allowed to hold the stage simultaneously. One center of interest

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1. Webster, M. p. 308

must subside as the other rises elsewhere. In reference to productions of Hamlet, Guthrie Mc Clintic said:

> The hunks cut out of the text broke the pace, the mood, the temper, the continuity of Hamlet, the play.... I was looking for the sotry, the sweep of it, the swing of it, the rhythm of it.....So I missed in these acting scripts the thrill, the whirl, the unrelenting doomsday feeling of inevitable tragedy marching to catastrophe that I got when I sat in the library and read the play.[2]

The director must be conscious at all times of Shakespeare's universal thoughts, but in emphasizing these thoughts, he must not ignore the human element upon which they revolve. If the audience does not feel it has something in common with the characters on stage, the empathic quality will be endangered. For example, the audience must be made to suffer with Isabella when she tells Claudio he must die. The audience must be made to understand Angelo's torturing guilt and sincere repentence at the close of the fifth act.

At all times the director must have absolute and final control over the entire production. The actor must never be allowed to usurp the power from the director, although it is advisable to take suggestions from the actor when these suggestions will improve the play.

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2. McClintic, Guthrie, "The Play's The Thing", Stage (November 1936) p. 36.

A period for critical analysis of the play should be assigned before any other phase of the production is considered. The actor should devote this time to a careful study of the play as a whole and of his role in particular. "The actor's first conception of a role comes from his reading and study of the whole play. In the reading rehearsals the director presents in his analysis of each role the nature of the character interpretation to be projected. By doing this he is seeking not to impose his conception upon the actors, but to stimulate their imaginations, vivify their conceptions, and unify the combination of the roles."[3]

The director will help the actor to mold and build his role, but unless he uses his own imagination to embellish a part, that part will lack the fresh quality necessary for success. "The process by which an actor masters a role is so highly imaginative and varies so definitely from individual to individual that no exact procedure can be stated, nor is such a statement necessary. Every person who has read novels or plays, or witnessed cinema or stage performances, has followed to some extent the process of imaginative creation of characters."[4]

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3. Heffner, Hubert C., et al., Modern Theatre Practice, (New York, 1946.) p. 176.
4. Loc. cit.

Measure For Measure in arena theatre must look effective from every angle. Margo Jones suggests the director should imagine himself looking down on the production from the ceiling.[5] Sightlines from every portion of the house have to be kept constantly in mind. The director must be sure not to slight any part of the house by having the actor face one section of the audience consistently. However, an actor's back can be just as expressive as his face, as long as he has learned to use his whole body in the portrayal of an emotion.

All movement must have motivation. More movement can be used in arena staging because it will not detract from the focus as in proscenium staging. The focus in circular staging is the entire acting area. Almost every part of the playing area is as strong as the other parts.[6] The audience is so close that each part of the arena is carefully observed.

In arena theatre all poses in any straight poetic part should be picturesque and dignified.[7] Gestures should be flowing, not angular, and usually not too quick or the significance is lost. If superflous motions are used, the characters will lose their

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5. Jones, Margo, Theatre-In-The Round, (New York, 1951) p. 117.
6. Ibid., p. 119
7. This dignity of gesture and movement is not expected of Elbow, Froth, and Mistress Overdone because of the characters' own innate characteristics.

appearance of reality. Arena staging will improve the actor's technique for every type of presentation because he learns to use his whole body to express emotions. There's a freedom of movement to be found here that can never be achieved on the proscenium stage.

In order to do Shakespearean drama justice, the actors used must have flexible and resonant voices. This is one of the primary qualities one should look for when casting Measure For Measure. No actor lacking a trained voice could do Angelo's speeches effectively. No actress with a colorless voice could make the beauty that is Isabella's apparent. It is a false belief that in arena theatre vocal projection is unnecessary. The voice must reach people in back of the actor as well as those he's facing.

In order to do justice to a Shakespearean production, the director must devote every minute available to it. Shakespeare cannot be done half-heartedly. A lack of rehearsal will be apparent sooner than in any other type of production. Those involved in a production of Measure For Measure should be warned at the very start that it takes time and complete concentration to do a commendable interpretation of the play.

A happy balance of production phases can be accomplished if the director, designer, and costumer are in complete understanding concerning the basic conflicts of the play.

CHAPTER IX

CHARACTERIZATION

"By characterization is meant the art of the playwright and actor in delineating and projecting a detailed representation of a person."[8]

In casting "Measure for Measure", or any other play, the main points to look for in the actor are: Is the actor physically adapted to the role? Has the actor an effective voice? Does the actor have the ability to assume the characteristics of the role? Does the actor have a conception of, or is he capable of, developing a conception of the role? Is the actor reliable?[9]

Type casting is relied on in circular theatre to a much larger degree than on the proscenium stage because only a limited amount of makeup or padding can be used without its becoming apparent to the audience. The voice of the actor must fit in with his physical characteristics. "The voice must be strong, pleasing, and trained, as well as harmoniously expressive of the character. It must also be in harmony with the ensemble of voices."[10] Can the actor portray the special mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of that character, for example: posture, walk, and gestures? Does

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[8] Huffner, Seldon S., Modern Theatre Practice, p. 174.

[9] Ibid., pp. 124, 125.

[10] Ibid., p. 125.

the actor have the ability and intelligence to understand the character? Is his imagination active? The actor's reliability must be considered. No matter how talented an actor may be, if the director cannot depend on him, the actor's worth ceases.

When interpreting Shakespeare, the director or actor must be particularly cautious, because the audience is usually familiar with his plays. That audience has its own concept of what that character should look like, how he should act, and the manner in which he should speak. In order to combat the natural prejudices an audience will have concerning any interpretation, the actor should approach the character with a fresh, genuine interpretation of his own. Under no circumstances should he consciously imitate any other performance he has seen.

To obtain the most sincere and believable characterization, the actor must think constantly. He must think of what he is saying. He must think of what the other characters are saying about him. He must think of what is being said about "Measure for Measure". If the actor concentrates on thought at all times, the part will appear sincere and effective to the audience.

Isabella

"Its darkness is lit by the central figure of Isabella, with her white passion of purity and of indignation against sin."[11]

Isabella is devoted to a religious puritanism. She is contemplating the life of a nun, and at the start of the play there is no indication of her having ever come in contact with vice of any sort. Hers is a life protected from all evil until she meets Angelo. She desires a still more sheltered life and even feels that the order of Saint Clare is too lenient for her.

> "I speak not as desiring more,
> But rather wishing a more strict restraint
> Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.[12]

She awes Lucio who calls her "a thing ensky'd and sainted". Claudio feels that she is the ideal person to intercede for him because, as he says:

> "I have great hope in that; for in her youth
> There is a prone and speechless dialect,
> Such as move men; beside she hath prosperous art
> When she will play with reason and discourse,
> And well she can persuade."[13]

When she does appear her character is exactly this mixture of winning silence with persuasive speech. She begins

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[11] Dowden, E., Shakspere, p. 125.

[12] "Measure for Measure", Act 1, Scene IV.

[13] Ibid., Act 1, Scene II.

pleading for her brother slowly with characteristic silences, then she grows eloquent.

In her innocence she is slow to see what Angelo wants of her, but once she comprehends his meaning, she is like fire, bursting out at him and scorching him with her words of contempt.

Isabella goes to her brother, not because she is thinking of doing Angelo's bidding, but so that he might cease harboring false hopes for a reprieve. Isabella tells Claudio:

> "O! were it but my life,
> I'd throw it down for your deliverance
> As frankly as a pin."[14]

The honor of her soul is more to her than real life, her own or Claudio's. She is vehement in her dressing down of Angelo when he asks her to save his life:

> "O, you beast!
> O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
> Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
> Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
> From thine own sister's shame?"[15]

When Marianna pleads with her to beg the Duke for Angelo's life, she does so. She remains silent the first three times Marianna begs, but finally forgives all of Angelo with the line, "Let him not die."[16] Here Isabella

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[14] "Measure for Measure", Act III, Scene I.

[15] Ibid., Act III, Scene I.

[16] Ibid., Act V, Scene I.

has changed from a passive, good character to an active one. She still has her purity, but it is tempered with the virtue of forgiveness of others.

The actress portraying Isabella must play the first scenes at a high pitch because the second half of the play leaves the Isabella-Angelo story and concentrates on the comedy of the prison scenes. Lucio, Abhorson, and Pompey are so well defined, it would be possible for their scenes to detract from the main characters. Isabella must be effective enough not to be forgotten in these comedy scenes. Angelo has only one soliloquy with which to help the audience remember the initial theme and this is in Act IV, Scene IV. The actress must impress upon the audience Isabella's "majestic wisdom and deep sentiment."[17]

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[17] Rolfe, p. 21.

Angelo

"The behavior of Angelo is almost unbelievably vile and it cannot be said that Shakespeare is successful in his effort to win back favor for him or even tolerance."[18]

If Angelo is treated as "unbelievably vile" by the actor portraying him, the character will fail. The very core of the play is in Angelo himself. If the audience does not accept him as human, the Duke's treatment of him at the close will appear unjustified. In order to give a successful interpretation of him, the actor must look upon Angelo in a sympathetic light. He is not the typical archetype villain. His actions are motivated. His emotions are human. The wicked Angelo is a far more believable character than the puritan Angelo.

At the start of the play Angelo does not know himself and is severe against others in his imagined superiority over lust of any sort. His is a sincere and narrow philosophy of life. He has never been faced with temptation and, therefore, cannot sympathize with or understand those who have faced it and surrendered to it. He is a study in the strictest form of puritanism. Escalus praises him in the opening scene by declaring:

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[18] Craig, H., p. 231. [illegible] Shakespeare, p. 231.

"If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo."[19]

His puritanical morality is described by Lucio, who tells Isabella:

"...a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast."[20]

He is a saint in his own opinion and is so confident that he will never sin as Claudio has that he is willing to stake his own life on his purity. When Escalus pleads with him for Claudio's life, he replies:

"When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial."[21]

He is impatient with those who do not have his same strict code of morality, as shown in the trial scene. He leaves Escalus to Judge Pompey, Froth, and Elbow, exclaiming:

"This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take
my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all."[22]

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[19] "Measure for Measure", Act I, Scene I.

[20] Ibid., Act I, Scene IV.

[21] Ibid., Act II, Scene II.

[22] Ibid., Act II, Scene I.

It is the very purity of Isabella that causes his downfall. He is so in love with virtue that, when he encounters a living symbol of it, his desire for virtue turns into an uncontrollable lust. Angelo himself realizes this, but hasn't the moral fortitude to resist temptation. After his first meeting with Isabella, he contemplates his own emotions and declares:

> "Can it be
> That modesty may more betray our sense
> Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
> Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
> And pitch our evils there? O! Fie, fie, fie!"[23]

Once he has admitted his desire for Isabella, it is impossible for him to resist it, and he stops at nothing to gain possession of her. He is no longer a pure-thinking egotist, but thinks only of his objective - the attainment of Isabella, without paying the price for that attainment. This is the reason he still insists on Claudio's death. It is not deliberate cruelty that provokes it, but self-preservation. He says:

> "He should have liv'd.
> Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
> Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
> By so receiving a dishonour'd life
> With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!"[24]

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[23] "Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene II.

[24] Ibid., Act IV, Scene IV.

As soon as Angelo realizes that the Duke knows of his vile act, all his defenses and explanations cease. It is as though he has finally returned to his senses and perceives the gravity of the sins which he has committed. He doesn't beg for leniency, but pleads for death:

> "Then good prince,
> No longer session hold upon my shame,
> But let my trial be mine own confession:
> Immediate sentence then and sequent death
> Is all the grace I beg." 25

This despair is primary to the play. It must be played so sincerely that the audience believes in his repentance, in order to justify the Duke's judgment. It is here that Angelo reaches full maturity. He is a man who knows the pitfalls of temptation; a man who has learned through his own experience. This is the man that must be portrayed. This is the man the actor must picture in his own mind so that the audience may picture him in theirs.

In this writer's eye, Angelo is pictured as a tall, thin-lipped man; a man with a certain smug look upon his countenance. It is possible to portray him as a young man under thirty, because Shakespeare never refers to him as old or middle aged.

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25 "Measure for Measure", Act V , Scene I .

The Duke

The Duke, fearing his rule has been too lax, gives his powers to Angelo while remaining as a friar to "visit both prince and people."[26] He does not abandon his people to another's rule, but remains to watch over their welfare.

The Duke acts, throughout "Measure for Measure", as a kind of overruling providence. His is a part for an actor of imagination who has the ability to project unspoken thought. He is a wise and temperate ruler who combines the functions of state (as the Duke) and of the Church (as the Friar).

He believes strongly in penitance and forgiveness, and is interested in the betterment of his people, as shown in his treatment of Barnardine. He saves him from execution because:

> "A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
> And to transport him in the mind he is
> Were damnable."[27]

His judgment of Angelo and Claudio shows an innate respect for human life and repentance. To Julietta, he says:

> "As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
> Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
> Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
> But as we stand in fear,...."[28]

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[26] Measure for Measure, Act. I, Scene IV.

[27] Measure for Measure, Act IV, Scene III.

[28] Ibid., Act II, Scene IV.

He is respected by others in the play. Isabella refers to him as "the good Duke."[29] Angelo, in his moment of deepest humiliation, speaks to him with reverence and awe:

> I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
> To think I can be undiscernable
> When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
> Hath looked upon my passes.[30]

Lucio regards the Duke cynically but ends by admitting he needs a whipping for doing so:

> If you will hang me for it, you may;
> But I had rather it would please you
> I might be whipped.[31]

The Duke is a modest man, who shuns the pleasure of being praised by his people:

> I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and Aves vehement,
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it.[32]

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[29] Measure for Measure, Act III, Scene I.

[30] Measure for Measure, Act V, Scene I.

[31] Ibid., Act V, Scene I.

[32] Ibid., Act I, Scene I.

Claudio

Claudio is a young man with all the charm of youth. He is as religious in his own way as Isabella is in hers:

> "Thus can the demi-god authority
> Make us pay down for our offence by weight
> The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
> On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just."[33]

He is no criminal, but an unfortunate individual caught in the revival of a law long before abandoned.

When Shakespeare first introduces him, he is bearing himself with great dignity under his sudden arrest. Claudio and Julietta were betrothed, but they detained the formal declaration of the final marriage ceremony because they were waiting for an increase of Julietta's dowry:

> "Upon a true contract
> I got possession of Julietta's bed:
> You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
> Save that we do the denunciation lack
> Of outward order: this we came not to,
> Only for propagation of a dower
> Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
> From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
> Till time had made them for us."[34]

He is a thoroughly sympathetic character throughout the play. The kindly Provost states, "He hath but as offended in a dream."[35] Mistress Overdone says, "There's

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[33] "Measure for Measure", Act I, Scene II.

[34] Ibid., Act I, Scene II.

[35] Ibid., Act II, Scene II.

one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all."[36]

When Isabella first tells her brother the way she can save his life, he cries, "Thou shalt not do't." This is the true Claudio, but when he pleads with Isabella, "Sweet sister, let me live,"[37] it does not make him a less desirable person. It is human nature to fear and evade death. This very normality in Claudio is what makes him a human being. His speech upon death in Scene II, Act III, is a beautiful one. It takes an actor with a talent for imagery.

Once the Duke tells Claudio that there is no hope for him, it's as if he regains his senses and is the man Shakespeare introduced us to earlier in the play. He regains his calm dignity and replies:

> "Let me ask my sister pardon.
> I am so out of love with life
> That I will sue to be rid of it."[38]

Later, when the Provost brings his death warrant, he is again quiet and self-possessed.

Claudio is probably in his twenties. He could be played well by the attractive leading man type, provided that man were possessed with the vocal variety necessary for good Shakespearian drama.

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[36] "Measure for Measure", Act I, Scene II.

[37] Ibid., Act III, Scene I.

[38] Ibid., Act III, Scene I.

Lucio

"Lucio, again, is a character unfortunately too common in civilized, and especially in city life-- a gentleman in manners and education, and of good natural ability, made frivolous in mind and debased in sentiment and disposition by licentious and idle habits."[39]

Though Lucio is frivolous, impudent, and dissolute, he is still engaging. There is a certain charm about him that permits him to say and do far worse things, without condemnation, than would be permitted one with a lesser degree of charm. He appears to have no moral conscience and brags about having "begot with child"[40] an unfortunate female of Vienna. He is a gossip and a liar, but his lies lack a malicious tone and his love of gossip seems to be a mere luxury of his nature.

The humorous scene in which Lucio pours his scandal about the Duke into the Duke's own ears is very playable.

He has an affectionate heart, as shown in his sincere attempts to help Claudio.

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[39] Rolfe, W. J., "Measure for Measure", p. 17.

[40] "Measure for Measure", Act V, Scene I.

It is not possible to respect Lucio, but it is impossible to actually hate him.

This is an excellent part for an actor with a sense of humor and a knack for glib speech.

Escalus

Escalus could be likened to the Duke in his devotion to justice. He is a patient man and takes his duties to the people seriously. This is shown in his wise decisions concerning Froth, Pompey, and Elbow. He sympathizes with Claudio's predicament and realizes the lack of wisdom in the judgments of Angelo.

Escalus is referred to as "Old Escalus"[41] and must be played by an actor capable of portraying age in a believable manner.

Marianna

Marianna is justified in yielding to Angelo because of her earlier betrothal to him. It must be remembered that she has been contracted to Angelo formally by oath and, according to Elizabethan ideas, Angelo and Marianna are therefore man and wife.

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[41] "Measure for Measure", Act V, Scene I.

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Shakespeare shows her as a woman both gentle and dignified. She is actually doing good when she visits her husband in place of Isabella because she is saving Claudio's life. She believes she is acting upon the advice of a friar.

Marianna truly loves Angelo, in spite of his treatment of her. When the Duke offers her a better husband, she replies:

> "Oh, my dear lord!
> I crave no other nor no better man."[42]

She is a wise woman and enters marriage to Angelo with no illusions:

> "They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
> And for the most, become much more the better
> For being a little bad: so may my husband."[43]

Shakespeare presents her sympathetically, but having few lines, the actress must contrive to fill them with the stress of despair and hope needed to allow the audience to fully understand her predicament. The actress could be a woman anywhere between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. Her predominant characteristic could be her quiet dignity and staunch loyalty to Angelo.

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[42] "Measure for Measure", Act V, Scene I.

[43] Ibid., Act V, Scene I.

Julietta

Julietta sincerely loves Claudio:

> "Duke: Love you the man that wrong'd you?
> Julietta: Yes, as I love the woman that
> wrong'd him.[44]

She, like Claudio, is caught in a situation that she can neither rectify nor stop. Her love does not fade with the misfortune that this love has caused her. She is as loyal in her belief in Claudio as Isabella is in her belief in purity.

The Provost

Provost is a kindly man who sympathizes with Claudio:

> "I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
> For the most gentle Claudio.[45]

His attitude towards the prisoners appears to be fair and at times over-lenient, as in the case of Barnardine:

> "He hath evermore had the
> Liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape
> Hence, he would not: drunk many times a day,
> If not many days entirely drunk.[46]

Abhorson

An executioner who takes pride in his job, just as an artist takes pride in his art. He objects to using Pompey

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[44] "Measure for Measure", Act IV, Scene II.

[45] Ibid., Act IV, Scene II.

[46] Ibid., Act IV, Scene II.

as a helper in his "art" because "he will discredit our mystery."[36]

Barnardine

A man who has lost all self regard. He is fearless of the past, present, or the future:

> "A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully
> But as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and
> Fearless of what's past, present, or to come;
> Insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.[47]

He blandly, but firmly, refuses to be executed:

> "Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night,
> And I will have more time to prepare me,
> Or they shall beat out my brains with billets.
> I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.[48]

Barnardine is a crude, uneducated man, who cares for nothing or no one, and should be played as such.

Mistress Overdone, Pompey, and Elbow are striking characterizations of the riff-raff of the slums. They could portray the slums of London as well as those of Vienna. They, similar to Lucio, are likeable and human in spite of their vices. Their humor is dependent upon the interplay of their personalities.

Mistress Overdone

She appears to have a sympathetic heart, as is shown

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[47] "Measure for Measure", Act IV, Scene II.

[48] Ibid., Act IV, Scene III.

in her praise of Claudio. She could be played as a woman of around forty, whose features and actions are living proof of how she has added to her income in the past years. Her speech might possibly be loud and harsh.

Pompey

He is a cheerful and striking study in degeneracy. He is quick-witted, as shown in his treatment of Froth and his conversation with Escalus. He is willing to become involved in any type of endeavor that he will profit by. He has little respect for the law and less respect for one of the law enforcers of the slums - Froth. When he is finally arrested for being a "bawd," his confidence still appears to be intact; but, once he spies Lucio and a chance for bail, he fakes humility. Pompey could be likened to a Lucio without the financial backing behind him.

He gives the impression of a man who can usually talk himself in or out of a situation; but one feels that, when the situation catches up with him, he will accept the consequences without too much complaining.

Elbow

He believes himself to be one of the cleverest of men, but proves himself to be one of the most ignorant. He knows many words, but the meanings of but few. This does not stop him from speaking continuously however, and he is so ignorant he believes that he is always correct. He is

pathetic because of this same self-confidence. He feels that he is the best of his own class, but is humble before his betters (Escalus and Angelo). Elbow is a victim of circumstances. He is a constable because no one else wanted the position, but in his own little world of self-satisfied conceit, he is ignorant of the fact.

Froth

Froth is an amiable, light-headed young man with some money and no intelligent means of spending it. He lacks brains; he probably lacks looks, and he most assuredly lacks charm.

There are a few other characters, not considered in this chapter, but they consist of very minor roles of a straight nature, and it did not seem necessary to include them in the consideration of characterization.

PART THREE

CHAPTER X

THE PROMPT BOOK

The prompt book will contain basic moves that it is felt will be most effective for Measure for Measure, but once a show goes into rehearsal these moves are often changed or altered to fit the actor's capabilities. The director's ideas in movement and characterization will change once a show is actually in production.

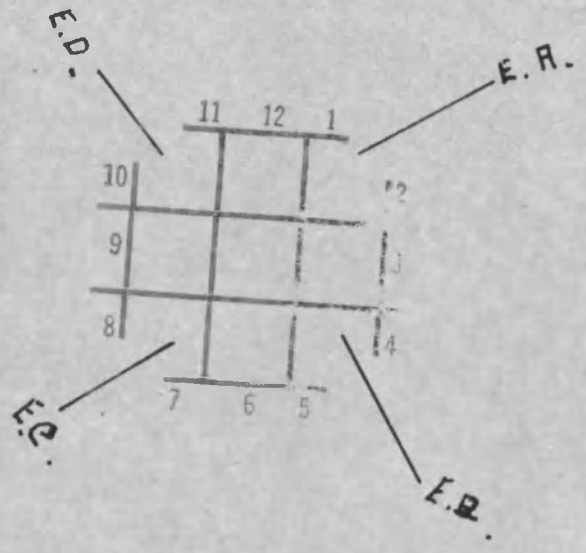
The purpose of planning the basic moves before going into rehearsal is so that they may serve as a foundation upon which the rest of the production may be built. Like all arts, in drama it is impossible to create unless there is a firm foundation upon which to create. The director's foundation is his prompt book.

Certain cuts will be seen in the prompt book. All cutting is done with one question prevalent in the director's mind; are these lines necessary for the continuity of the play? Measure for Measure is a long show and cutting is advisable in order to insure it not becoming too lengthy and tiring for an audience. However, if the show were ever to actually go into production, these cuts may be changed, and definitely more cuts would be inserted. A production cannot be cut to a valuable extent until the director sees that production on the stage.

Cuts will be effected by what the actors do with certain lines; how the lines sound once they come to life; how cutting affects the unity and continuity of the show.

The prompt book doesn't tell the true story of a production until the paper is thin from erasures for the necessary changes the director will make during rehearsals. The prompt book will come to life when the production comes to life.

In order to simplify the understanding of the movement in this arena staging, a clock is used as the basic outline of each set and as the symbol for each acting area. A pointed arrow is used to indicate the character and the direction in which he is standing. Entrances are marked A, B, C, and D.



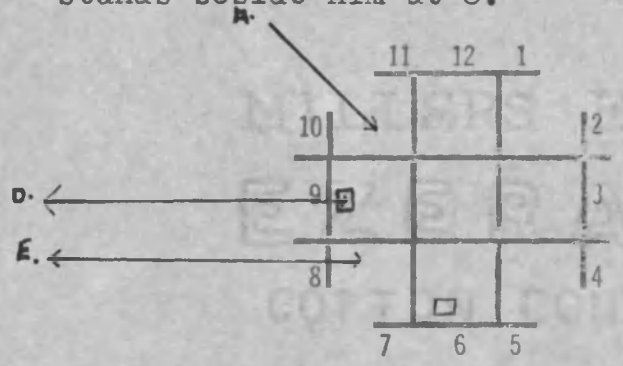
All the Lords are cut from the scene. They are not necessary to the plot. Only one attendant is used for the progression of the story.

The lights come up when the Duke says, "Escalus!"

The actors enter at D in the following order: Duke
Escalus
Attendant.

The Attendant remains standing at Entrance D.

Line 5: The Duke sits on the chair at 9 facing 3. Escalus follows the Duke to the chair and stands beside him at 8.



Line 15: Escalus goes to the chair at 6 and sits down, facing 12 while the Duke is giving instructions to the Attendant, who has moved to the side of the Duke at 10. After the Duke has given his orders, the Attendant exits at A.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT I

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE. Escalus!

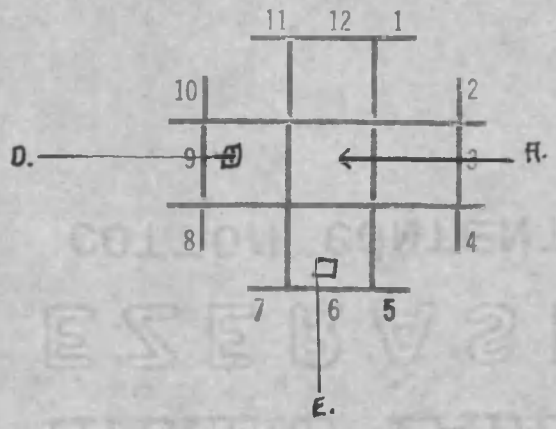
ESCAL. My Lord.

DUKE. Of Government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But add sufficiency, as your worth is, ample,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our City's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y'are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.--Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.--
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,

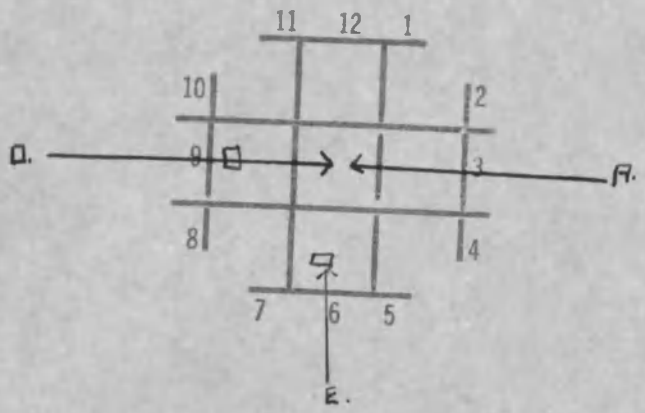
Angelo enters A at "It is Lord Angelo."

Line 24: "Look where he comes" is cut. In arena staging the audience and theactor are so close, it seems ludicrous to suppose everyone has not noticed Angelo's entrance.

Line 25: Angelo comes to S. C. and bows to the Duke.



Line 40: On "But I do bend my speech" the Duke rises and goes to Angelo at S. C.



And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

ESCAL: If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

DUKE. Look, where he comes.

ANG. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do--
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.
Hold, therefore, Angelo:

Line 45: Duke turns to Escalus in order to include him in the discussion.

Line 46: On "take thy commission" the Duke returns to the chair at 9 and sits down.

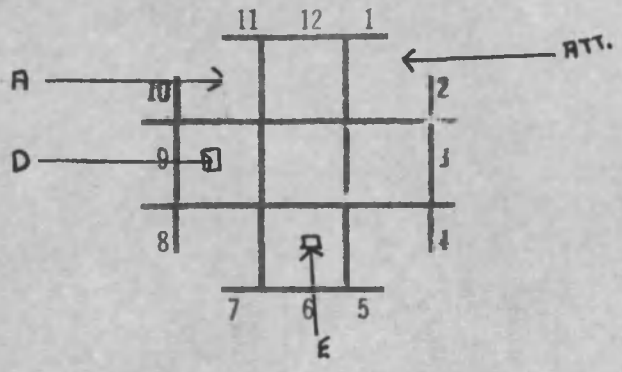
Line 47: Angelo says, "Now good my Lord" as he moves forward to stand directly in front of the Duke.

Line 50: The Attendant enters, carrying the Duke's cloak and stands at Entrance.

Line 52: On "therefore take your honours" the Duke hands Angelo a document.

Line 55: On "We shall write to you," the Duke motions to the Attendant to come forward. Angelo crosses to the side of the Duke's chair at 10, as if planning to say something more. The Attendant comes directly to the Duke and helps him to put on his cloak during lines 55 to 60.

Line 60: The Attendant returns to exit at A.



In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and Mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

ANG. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

DUKE. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

ANG. Yet, give leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

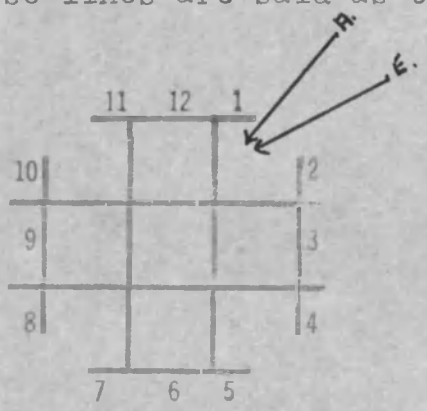
DUKE. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you on mine honour have to do
With any scruple. Your scope is as mine own:

Line 66: The Duke takes Angelo's hand.

Line 72: The Duke goes to Escalus who rises and takes his hand on "Once more, fare you well." The Duke then starts for Exit A. Angelo and Escalus follow the Duke to the Exit in that order.

The Duke turns at the Exit and says his last line to both Escalus and Angelo.
The Duke exits with his attendant directly behind him.

Line 75 to 85: These lines are said as the men face 7 and 8.



Line 80: Angelo starts out Exit at D first, Escalus follows.

The last few lines of the scene are said as they leave the stage and the lights are lowered.

So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

ANG. The Heavens give safety to your purposes!

ESCAL. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

DUKE. I thank you. Fare you well. (exit.

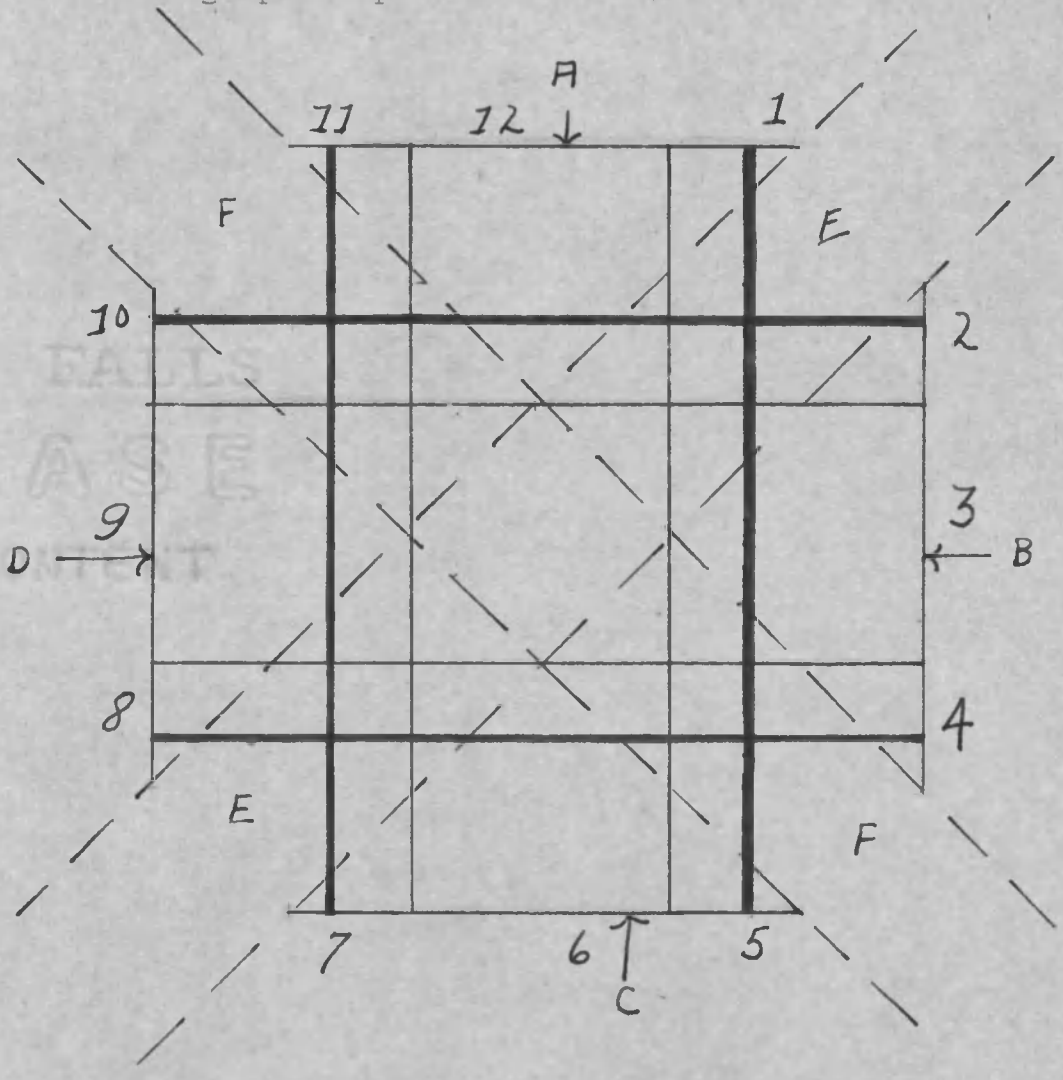
ESCAL. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place.
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

ANG. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

ESCAL. I'll wait upon your Honour.

(exeunt.

In order to understand the movement easily, imaginary ramps are placed in the diagram of the stage below. In reality, the stage is to be completely bare. Setting is to be established by street venders (easily supplied from the tech. crew) wandering in and out, and the actors will walk in fairly straight lines so as to give the impression of walking upon a path or street.



SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

LUCIO. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

FIRST GENT. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

SEC. GENT. Amen.

LUCIO. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious Pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

SEC. GENT. Thou shalt not steal?

LUCIO. Ay, that he raz'd.

FIRST GENT. Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the Captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all that in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

SEC. GENT. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

SEC. GENT. No? a dozen times at least.

FIRST GENT. What, in metre?

LUCIO. In any proportion, or in any language!

FIRST GENT. I think, or in any religion.

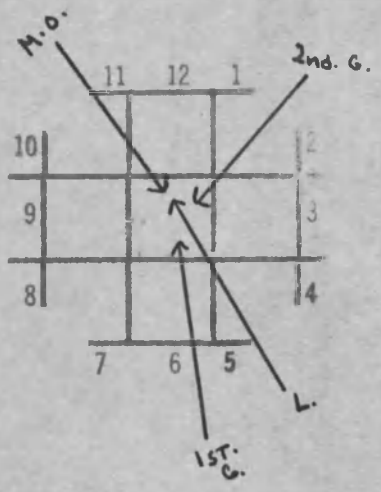
Lines 1 to 40 are cut because; (1) although they add to the general atmosphere of Measure for Measure, they are not actually necessary to the plot; (2) they contribute to the understanding of the character's of the two gentlemen, but they are not important enough in the story to keep the lines for that purpose alone; (3) they contribute to the understanding of Lucio's character, but his character is outlined clearly enough in the rest of the play to allow cutting this section.

Line 45: Lights will come up with Lucio and the two gentlemen already on stage. They are standing on Ramp F. Lucio is in the center, facing 10, the first gentleman to his left, the second gentleman to his right.

By "Bawd" script refers to Mistress Overdone, who enters on Ramp F during the second gentleman's line, "Whether thou art tainted or free."

Lucio gestures to Mistress Overdone.

Line 45-60: Mistress Overdone has moved from Entrance D, Ramp F, to the 3 gentlemen, stopping at 3, facing Lucio.



LUCIO. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy. As, for example: thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grac.

FIRST GENT. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

LUCIO. I grant: as there may between the list and the velvet. Thou art the list.

FIRST GENT. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee; I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

LUCIO. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

FIRST GENT. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

SEC. GENT. Yes, that thou hast: whether thou art tainted or free.

Enter Bawd.

LUCIO. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!

FIRST GENT. I have purchas'd many diseases under her roof, as come to--

SEC. GENT. To what, I pray?

FIRST GENT. Judge.

SEC. GENT. To three thousand dollars a year.

FIRST GENT. Ay, and more.

Line 59: Cut this line: "Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?" The word sciatica is not known to the general public, so it would not seem humorous to them.

LUCIO. A French crown more.

FIRST GENT. Thou art always figuring diseases in me. But thou art full of error: I am sound.

LUCIO. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: Impiety has made a feast of thee.

FIRST GENT. (to Mrs. Overdone) How now! Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

BAWD. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

SEC. GENT. Who's that, I pray thee?

BAWD. Marry, Sir, that's Claudio; Signior Claudio.

FIRST GENT. Claudio to prison? 'Tis not so!

BAWD. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

LUCIO. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

BAWD. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

LUCIO. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

SEC. GENT. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

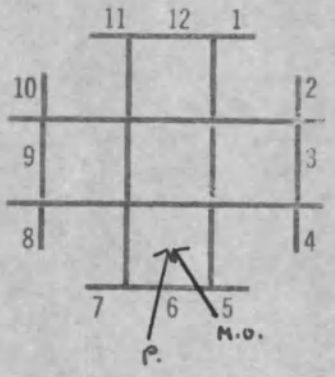
FIRST GENT. But, most of all, agreeing with the Proclamation:

Line 80: Lucio exits with the two gentlemen behind him on Ramp D, Exit A. The second gentleman pinches Mistress Overdone on his way out.

Line 81: Mistress Overdone starts to exit on Ramp F, Exit B.

The Script refers to Pompey as The Clown.

Pompey enters Ramp C, entrance C. As he speaks, Mistress Overdone turns, and they meet on Ramp C at 6.



LUCIO. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

(Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

BAWD. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

CLO. Yonder man is carried to prison.

BAWD. Well; what has he done?

CLO. A woman.

BAWD. But what's his offence?

CLO. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

BAWD. What, is there a maid with child by him?

CLO. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

BAWD. What Proclamation, man?

CLO. All houses in the Suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

BAWD. And what shall become of those in the City?

CLO. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

BAWD. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?

CLO. To the ground, Mistress.

BAWD. Why, here's a change indeed in the Commonwealth! What shall become of me?

CLO. Come, fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients.

Pompey makes an exaggerated bow to Mistress Overdone on his line saying, "Courage!"

A peddler wanders across stage on Ramp A, entering at A.

Line 112: Mistress Overdone and Pompey start to withdraw on Ramp F. They stop at the Exit as the others enter.

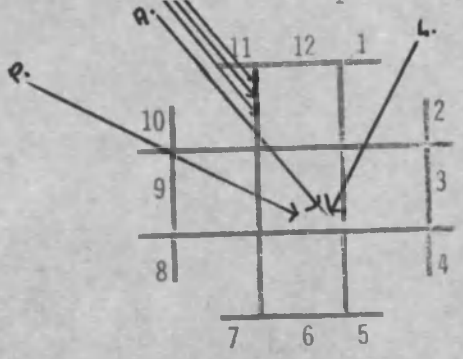
Scenes II and III are to be played as one complete scene. Cut entrance of Lucio and the two gentlemen.

Line 115: Claudio and the Provost enter first on Ramp F. Juliet and one officer enter next with one lone officer entering last. They use Entrance D.

On Claudio's line: "Why dost thou show me thus to the world" Mistress Overdone and Lucio exit.

Juliet and the two officers stop at 11.

Claudio and the Provost stop at 9.



Lucio enters on Ramp C, Entrance A, on Claudio's line: "The sword of Heaven."

The two gentlemen are cut because they have no lines and aren't necessary to the scene.

The Provost, Claudio,and Lucio meet at the center.

Though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! There will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be consider'd.

BAWD. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

CLO. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison: and there's Madam Juliet. (exeunt.

SCENE III. The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio and two Gentlemen.

CLAUD. Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROV. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

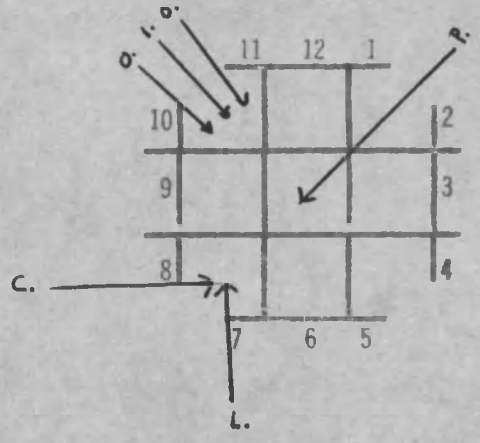
CLAUD. Thus can the demi-god, Authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight! The sword of Heaven: on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so--yet still 'tis just.

LUCIO. Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this restraint?

CLAUD. From too much liberty, my Lucio--liberty! As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue (Like rats that ravin down their proper bane) A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Line 141: On the Provost's line "Away Sir; you must go," he tries to lead Claudio to the exit, but he pulls back.

When Claudio says: "Lucio, a word with you." he leads Lucio to Ramp C, between 7 and 8.



LUCIO. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUD. What but to speak of would offend again!

LUCIO. What is it? murder?

CLAUD. No.

LUCIO. Lechery?

CLAUD. Call it so.

PROV. Away, Sir: you must go.

CLAUD. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

(takes him aside.

LUCIO. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery so look'd after?

CLAUD. Thus stands it with me. Upon a true contract, I got possession of Julietta's bed. You know the lady: she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order. This we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower, Remaining in the coffer of her friends, From whom we thought it meet to hide our love Till time had made them for us. But it chances, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO. With child, perhaps?

CLAUD. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke:
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up--
I stagger in: but this new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long that fourteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name!

LUCIO. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

CLAUD. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy. Bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that, for in her youth

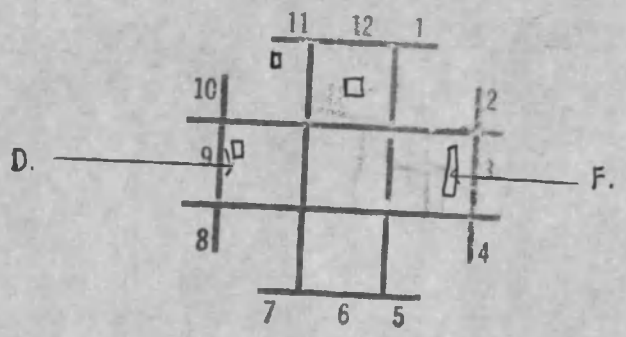
Line 193: Angelo returns to the Provost at C.
Lucio exits at Ramp E, Exit C as the lights fade.

Act I, Scene III

The Duke and Friar enter at C in that order as the lights slowly come up.

The Friar sits on the bench at 3 on his line: "May your grace speak of it?"

The Duke sits on his line: "My holy sir" in chair at 9.



There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men. Besides, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

LUCIO. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, which I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAUD. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO. Within two hours--

CLAUD. Come officer, away. (exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

DUKE. No, holy Father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRI. T. May your Grace speak of it?

DUKE. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo

(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

FRI. T. Gladly, my Lord.

DUKE. We have strict statutes and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds),
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. No, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, do find in time
The rod more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

FRI. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

Line 45: The Duke rises and goes over to the Friar at 12.

The Duke and the Friar exit at E in that order.

Act II, Scene V is changed to Act II, Scene III.

The Lights come up on Isabella's and Francesca's entrance. Isabella enters first, Francesca follows. Francesca sits on chair at 12 on her first speech.

Isabella stands at 3.

'Twould by my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not their punishment. Therefore, indeed, my Father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may in the ambush of my name strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you
Only this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. (exeunt.

SCENE V. A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

ISAB. And have you nuns no further privileges?

FRAN. Are not these large enough?

ISAB. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio is heard calling from Entrance C.

Isabella goes to Entrance and calls.

On Francesca's lines she rises and goes to Entrance A.

Francesca exits at A. Isabella remains where she is and calls out Entrance C.

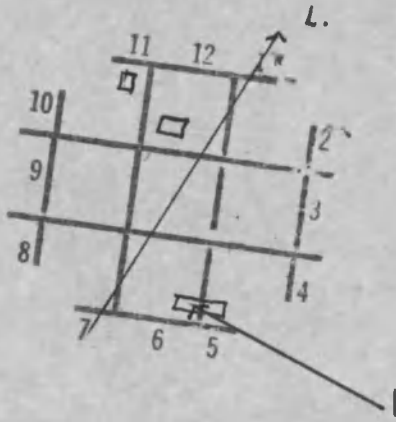
Lucio enters at C and bows gallantly to Isabella on his first speech.

Isabella and Lucio both remain standing near Exit C. Isabella stands at 7. Lucio stands at 8.

Line 23: Isabella sits on bench between 5 and 6.

Line 26: Isabella rises again quickly.

Line 27: Lucio walks to the chair at 12.



LUCIO. Ho! Peace be in this place! (within.

ISAB. Who's that which calls?

FRAN. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him.
You may, I may not: you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the Prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again: I pray you, answer him.

(Exit Francisca.

ISAB. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

LUCIO. Hail, virgin, if you be--as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

ISAB. Why her unhappy brother, let me ask?
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISAB. Woe me! For what?

LUCIO. For that which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:

Line 29: Isabella moves towards Lucio, she stops at C. S.

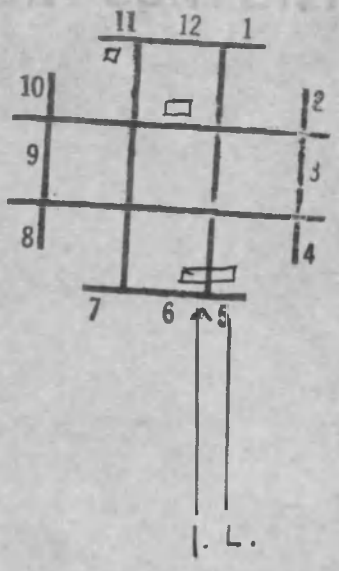
Line 30: Lucio turns to Isabella.

Line 34: Lucio moves to Isabellaaand meets her at 9.

"You do blaspheme": Isabella starts towards the exit at A. She stops on Lucio's next speech, but remains facing 1 and 2. Lucio sits on bench at 5.

Line 45: She faces Lucio

Isabella turns and sits on bench at 5 and 6 with Lucio.



He hath got his friend with child.

ISAB. Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO. It is true.

I would not--though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart--play with all virgins so!
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity
As with a saint.

ISAB. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming-time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISAB. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO. Is she your cousin?

ISAB. Adoptedly: as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

LUCIO. She it is.

ISAB. O, let him marry her!

LUCIO. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

Line 55: Lucio rises and gets a drink of water at the stand at 11.

Line 57: Lucio turns and faces Isabella.

Line 68: Lucio moves to S. C.

"Twixt you and your poor brother": Lucio drinks water.

Lucio returns the glass to the stand.

In hand and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of State,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo: a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous Law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an Act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigour of the Statute
To make him an example; all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

ISAB. Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO. He has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

ISAB. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Line 77: Lucio returns to bench and sits next to Isabella.

"I'll see what I can do": Isabella rises.

"But speedily": Lucio rises.

Lucio starts to Exit C when he says "I take my leave of you."

Isabella walks to the Exit with him and as he leaves the lights fade.

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LUCIO. Assay the power you have.

ISAB. My power? Alas! I doubt--

LUCIO. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely their's
As they themselves would owe them.

ISAB. I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO. But speedily.

ISAB. I will about it straight:
No longer staying but to give the Mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO. I take my leave of you.

ISAB. Good Sir, adieu. (exeunt.

The lights come up as Angelo, Escalus, a Justice and the Provost enter in that order at A.

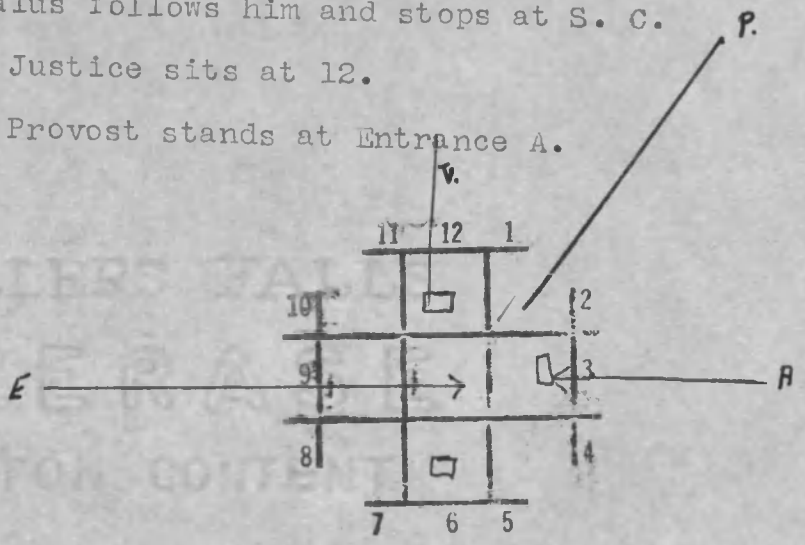
The Lords, Officers and Attendants are cut.

Angelo sits at 3.

Escalus follows him and stops at S. C.

The Justice sits at 12.

The Provost stands at Entrance A.



ACT II

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.

ANG. We must not make a scarecrow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCAL. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your Honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you?

ANG. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn Twelve, have a thief or two

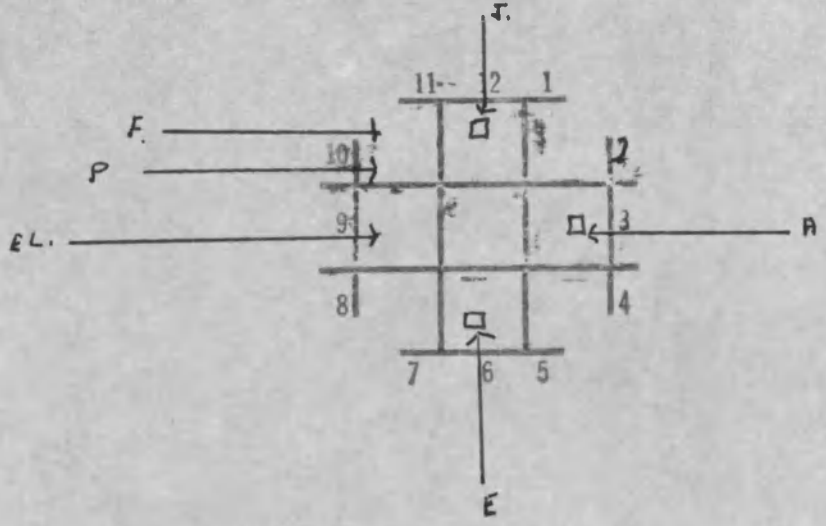
Line 32: "Be it as your wisdom will": Escalus goes to chair at 6 and sits.

Line 34: Angelo rises and goes to Provost at Entrance A.

Line 35: Provost exits at A.

Line 40: Enter at D: Elbow, Froth with one Officer
Pompey with one Officer

Elbow moves to 9, stands back as the others are ushered in by the Officers. The Officers then exit out D.
Pompey stands at 9.
Froth stands between 9 and 10.



Guiltier than him they try. What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What knows the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant:
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

ESCAL. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANG. Where is the Provost?

PROV. Here, if it like your Honour.

ANG. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. (Exit Provost.

ESCAL. Well, Heaven forbid him; and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, etc.

ELB. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Commonwealth, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Line 45: Angelo returns to seat at 3.

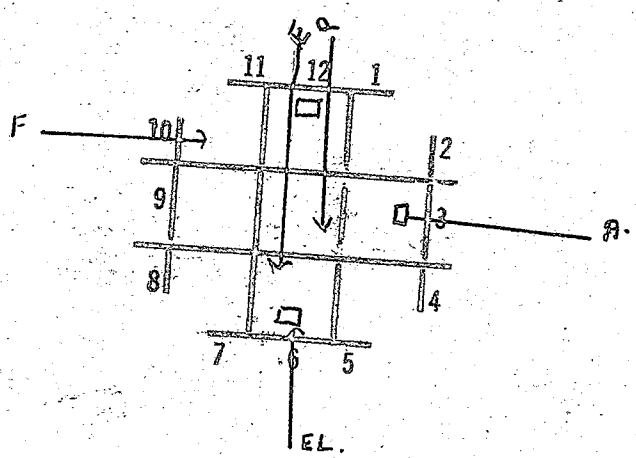
Elbow comes to S. C. before Angelo.

Line 53: Elbow motions to Pompey and Froth to come forward. Pompey does, but Froth remains at 9 and 10.

Line 60: Pompey steps in front of Elbow.

Line 62: Elbow drags Pompey back and stands in front of him.

Elbow turns, moves to center of 6 and directs next lines to Escalus.



ANG. How now, Sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

ELB. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's Constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

ANG. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

ELB. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

ESCAL. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer!

ANG. Go to! What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

CLO. He cannot, Sir: he's out at elbow.

ANG. What are you, Sir?

ELB. He, Sir? A tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the Suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCAL. How know you that?

ELB. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your Honour--

ESCAL. How! thy wife?

ELB. Ay, Sir: whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman---

Line 84: Pompey moves to Escalus' chair and in front of Elbow.
Elbow moves beside Pompey.

Line 88: Pompey delivers his lines to both Escalus and Angelo. First he refers to Escalus, then Angelo.

Line 96: Pompey rushes in front of Escalus from his position before Angelo.

ESCAL. Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELB. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

ESCAL. How dost thou know that, Constable?

ELB. Marry, Sir, by my wife: who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

ESCAL. By the woman's means?

ELB. Ay, Sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

CLO. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

ELB. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

ESCAL. (to Angelo.) Do you hear how he misplaces?

CLO. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes--

ESCAL. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, Sir!

CLO. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin: you are therein in the right. But to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the

Pompey moves to Master Froth at 10 and brings him to S. C.

Line 116: Pompey dashes back to before Escalus.

Line 122: Pompey brings Master Froth before Escalus.

dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly--for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again--

FROTH. No, indeed.

CLO. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes--

FROTH. Ay, so I did, indeed.

CLO. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you--

FROTH. All this is true.

CLO. Why, very well, then!

ESCAL. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose! What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

CLO. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCAL. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

CLO. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave. And I beseech you look into Master Froth here, Sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas--was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

FROTH. All-Hallond Eve.

CLO. Why, very well; I hope here be truths! He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir--'twas in the

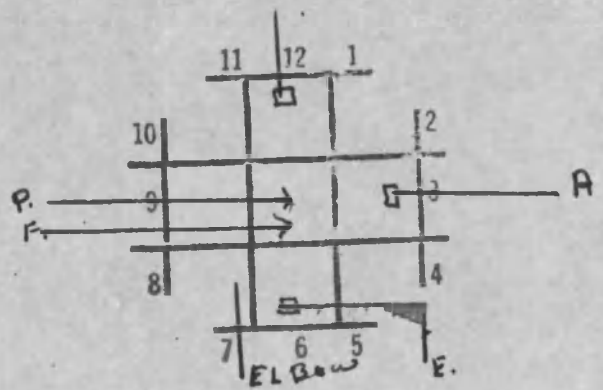
Line 135: Angelo rises and exits at B.

Escalus rises, then sits again.

Line 151: Elbow comes to 6 and stands in front of Pompey and Froth.

Line 152: Pompey moves in front of Elbow who counters to 7.

Line 153: Pompey drags Froth before the Judge.
"I beseech you sir, look in this gentleman's face."



Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

FROTH. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

CLO. Why, very well, then: I hope here be truths!

ANG. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCAL. I think no less. Good morrow to your Lordship.

(Exit Angelo.

Now, Sir, come on! What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

CLO. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

ELB. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

CLO. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

ESCAL. Well, Sir--what did this gentleman to her?

CLO. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your Honour mark his face?

ESCAL. Ay, Sir, very well.

CLO. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCAL. Well, I do so.

CLO. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face?

ESCAL. Why no.

"Good then": Pompey pushes Froth back and he returns to 9.

Line 161: Escalus turns to Elbow.

Line 162: Elbow comes to the side of Escalus' chair at 7.

Line 166: Pompey comes before Elbow directly in front of Escalus.

Line 167: Elbow pushes Pompey back and he bumps into Froth.

Line 170: Pompey comes forward once again.

Line 175: Elbow backs Pompey all around the stage, even in back of Escalus. Pompey stops at 3.

CLO. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the Constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

ESCAL. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

ELB. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house: next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

CLO. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELB. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

CLO. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCAL. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

ELB. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?--If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's Officer!--Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

ESCAL. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELB. Marry, I thank your good Worship for it. What is't

Line 185: Elbow returns directly in front of Escalus.

Line 191: Returns to Pompey, shaking his finger at him.

Line 195: Froth comes forward to S. C.

Line 200: Pompey moves parallel with Froth.

Line 206: Master Froth comes directly to Escalus' side.

Line 207: Master Froth backs up and then turns and exits quickly at D.

your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

ESCAL. Truly, Officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

ELB. Marry, I thank your Worship for it. Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee! Thou art to continue now, thou varlet: thou art to continue.

ESCAL. (to Froth.) Where were you born, friend?

FROTH. Here in Vienna, Sir.

ESCAL. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH. Yes, an't please you, Sir.

ESCAL. So.--(to the Clown.) What trade are you of, Sir?

CLO. A tapster: a poor widow's tapster.

ESCAL. Your mistress's name?

CLO. Mistress Overdone.

ESCAL. Hath she had any more than one husband?

CLO. Nine, Sir: Overdone by the last.

ESCAL. Nine!--Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

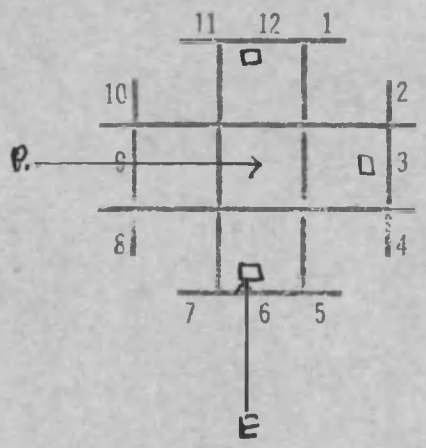
FROTH. I thank your Worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse but I am drawn in.

ESCAL. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. (Exit Froth.)--Come you hither to me, Master Tapster;

Line 216: Pompey moves closer to Escalus.

Line 225: Pompey starts to back away from Escalus.

Line 235: Pompey moves forward once again.



what's your name, Master Tapster?

CLO. Pompey.

ESCAL. What else?

CLO. Bum, Sir.

ESCAL. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you: so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

CLO. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCAL. How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

CLO. If the Law would allow it, Sir.

ESCAL. But the Law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.

CLO. Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

ESCAL. No, Pompey.

CLO. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCAL. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

CLO. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna

Line 255: Pompey bows to Escalus, turns and leaves at Exit D. He says his lines as he is leaving.

Line 262: Elbow comes forward to Constable.

ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

ESCAL. Thank you, good Pompey, and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well:

CLO. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; (aside.) but I shall follow it as the flesh and Fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade. (exit.

ESCAL. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of Constable?

ELB. Seven year and a half, Sir.

ESCAL. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continu'd in it some time. You say seven years together?

ELB. And a half, Sir.

ESCAL. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

ELB. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they

Line 279: Elbow exits at D.

Line 285: Escalus rises and exits with Justice at B.

Act II, Scene II

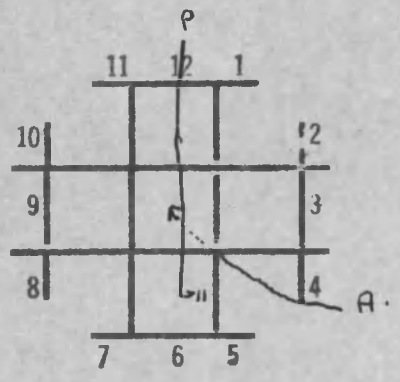
Lights are lowered for a few seconds and then raised.

Servant and the Provost enter at D.

Line 4: Servant leaves at B. Provost stands between 11 and 12.

Line 6: Angelo enters hurriedly at B.

Line 7: Provost meets him at S. C.



are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

ESCAL. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

ELB. To your Worship's house, Sir?

ESCAL. To my house. Fare you well. (Exit Elbow.) What's o'clock, think you?

JUST. Eleven, Sir.

ESCAL. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

JUST. I humbly thank you.

ESCAL. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

JUST. Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCAL. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet--Poor Claudio!--There's no remedy.
Come, Sir. (exeunt.

SCENE II. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

SERV. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

PROV. Pray you, do. (Exit Servant.) I'll know
His pleasure. May be he will relent.--Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!

Line 17: The Servant enters at D and comes to Angelo's side at 2.

Line 19: Angelo turns his back on the Provost and sits in the chair at 3.

Line 30: The servant exits at D.

Enter Angelo.

ANG. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

PROV. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

ANG. Did I not tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

PROV. Lest I might be too rash.
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, Judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

ANG. Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

PROV. I crave your Honour's pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

ANG. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

SERV. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd.
Desires access to you.

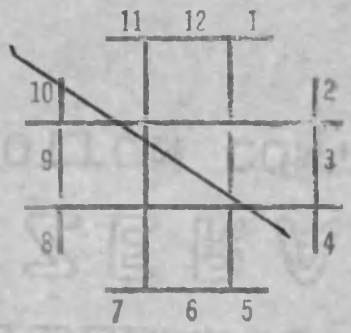
ANG. Hath he a sister?

PROV. Ay, my good Lord: a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a Sisterhood,
If not already.

ANG. Well, let her be admitted. (Exit Servant.
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;

Line 35: Isabella and Lucio enter at D. They remain at the exit.

Line 36: Lucio leads Isabella forward to S. C. Lucio moves to 12.



Line 57: "Heaven keep your Honour": Isabella moves to Lucio at 12.

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

PROV. God save your Honour! (offering to retire.

ANG. Stay a little while.
(to Isabella.) You are welcome. What's your will?

ISAB. I am a woeful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

ANG. Well: what's your suit?

ISAB. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt Will and Will not.

ANG. Well: the matter?

ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

PROV. (aside.) Heaven give thee moving graces!

ANG. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the fault whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISAB. O, just but severe Law!
I had a brother, then.--Heaven keep your Honour!
(retiring.

Line 59: Lucio takes Isabella's arm, speaking softly.

Line 63: Lucio gives her a slight push toward S. C. once again. Isabella takes S. C.

LUCIO. (to Isabella.) Give't not o'er so! To him again:
entreat him:
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

ISAB. Must he needs die?

ANG. Maiden, no remedy.

ISAB. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor Man grieve at the mercy.

ANG. I will not do't.

ISAB. But can you, if you would?

ANG. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISAB. But you might do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him.

ANG. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.

LUCIO. (to Isabella.) You are too cold.

ISAB. Too late? Why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it again. Well, believe this:
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The Marshal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As Mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;

"Pray you be gone." Angelo walks toward the exit at B. Isabella follows him. Angelo's back is to her during the next speech.

"Should it then be thus?" Angelo turns slowly and faces Isabella.

Lucio's remark is more in speaking to himself than to anyone present.

Line 71: Angelo moves to 6 and Isabella follows him. They are facing 12.

Line 80: Angelo returns to chair at 3.

"O! that's sudden!" Isabella kneels down at his feet and begs for Claudio's pardon.

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

ANG. Pray you, be gone.

ISAB. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

LUCIO. (aside.) Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

ANG. Your brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

ISAB. Alas! alas!
Why, all the Souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new-made!

ANG. Be you content, fair maid:
It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

ISAB. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him:
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister

Line 114: Angelo helps her rise from the floor.

Line 130: Angelo turns, facing 5, as if to leave, but Isabella's next words stop him.

Isabella becomes angry and her fiery nature is apparent. Angelo turns and faces her.

Line 135: Lucio moves from 5 to 6, making his remark a casual statement over his shoulder.

To our gross selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

LUCIO. (aside.) Ay, well said.

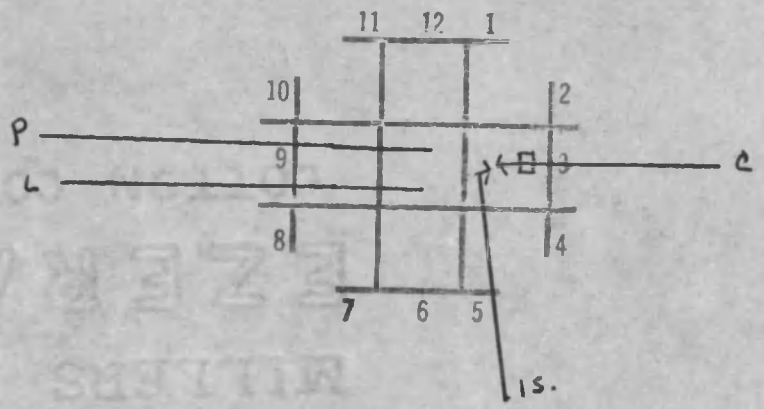
ANG. The Law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If that the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet
Looks in a glass, that shews what future evils
(Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born),
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

ISAB. Yet shew some pity!

ANG. I shew it most of all when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

ISAB. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers? O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant!

LUCIO. (aside.) That's well said.



Line 150: Lucio moves to S. C. and pushes Isabella nearer to Claudio.

Line 151: Provost crosses to center where he speaks to Lucio.

ISAB. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his Heaven for thunder--
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather, with Thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle! O, but man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd--
His glassy essence--like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the Angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal!
LUCIO. (to Isab.) O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.
PROV. (aside.) Pray Heaven she win him!
ISAB. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with Saints: 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.
LUCIO. (to Isab.) Thou'rt in the right, girl: more o' that!
ISAB. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
LUCIO. (aside.) Art advis'd o' that? More on't!
ANG. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Line 170: Angelo turns towards Exit B.

Line 175: Angelo turns around quickly when the word "bribe" is used. He moves toward Isabella.

Angelo walks toward the Exit at B.

Lucio takes Isabella's arm and leads her to Exit D.

ISAB. Because Authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
ANG. (aside.) She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.--Fare you well. (to Isabella.
ISAB. Gentle my Lord, turn back.
ANG. I will bethink me. Come again to-morrow.
ISAB. Hark how I'll bribe you! Good my Lord, turn back.
ANG. How! bribe me?
ISAB. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall share with you.
LUCIO. (aside.) You had marr'd all else.
ISAB. Not with fond sickles of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
ANG. Well: come to me to-morrow.
LUCIO. (aside to Isabella.) Go to; it is well: away.

Line 187: Isabella, Lucio and the Provost exit at D.

The remainder of the scene cannot be blocked until the capabilities of the actor playing Angelo are known and considered.

ISAB. Heaven keep your Honour safe!

ANG. (aside.) Amen, for I
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISAB. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

ANG. At any time 'fore noon.

ISAB. God save your Honour!

(Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.

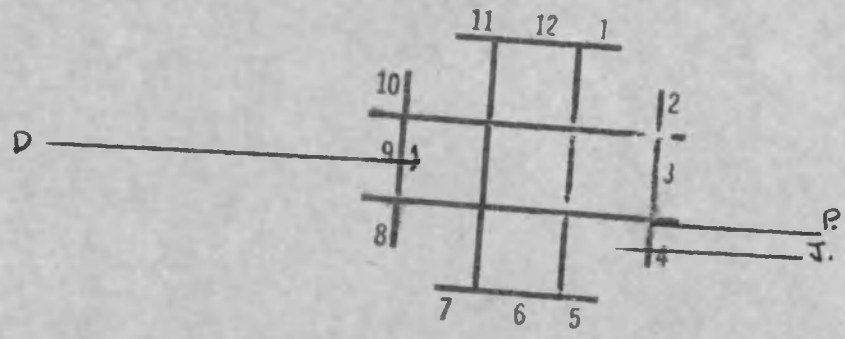
ANG. From thee; even from thy virtue!
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the Sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,

The lights come up on the Provost sitting on the bench at 9.

The Duke enters at C and moves to the bench where the Provost is seated.

"As I do think tom-morrow": The Provost rises.

Julietta enters at A, and starts to exit at B. She seems preoccupied with her own thoughts and doesn't acknowledge anyone in the room until the Provost speaks to her.



And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy that, to catch a saint,
With saints doth bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, Art and Nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how. (exit.

SCENE III. A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke and Provost.

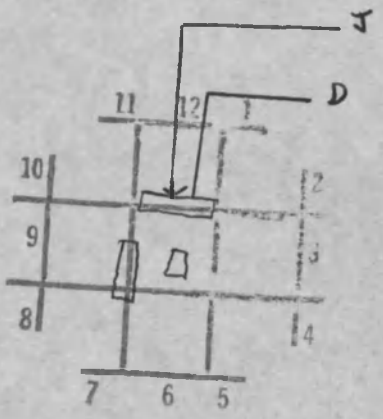
DUKE. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are?
PROV. I am the Provost. What's your will, good Friar?
DUKE. Bound by my charity and my bless'd Order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the Prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
PROV. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man

Line 18: Provost stops Julietta at Exit B and brings her back to the bench at 12 where he seats her. He then exits at A.

Line 19: The Duke goes to the bench at 12 and sits beside Julietta.



More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

DUKE. When must he die?

PROV. As I do think, to-morrow.
(to Juliet.) I have provided for you: stay awhile,
And you shall be conducted.

DUKE. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

JUL. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

DUKE. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.

JUL. I'll gladly learn.

DUKE. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JUL. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

DUKE. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

JUL. Mutually.

DUKE. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JUL. I do confess it, and repent it, Father.

DUKE. 'Tis meet so, Daughter. But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame--
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not Heaven;
Shewing we'd not serve Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear--

Line 45: Duke exits at D.

Line 46: Julietta moves to font at C. S. and says next lines facing Exit.

Line 49: Provost: cut.

Act II, Scene IV

Lights come up on an empty stage.

Angelo enters at B, moves to S. C.

This speech cannot be blocked until the actor portraying Angelo is known. Once his abilities are taken into consideration, the entire acting area may be used.

JUL. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
DUKE. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
JUL. God's grace go with you!
DUKE. Benedicite! (exit.
JUL. Must die to-morrow! O injurious Law,
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dyihg horror!
PROV. 'Tis pity of him. (exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

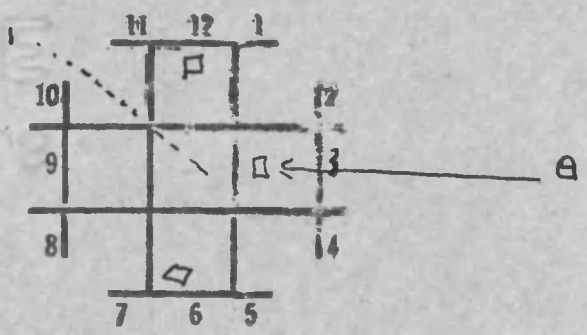
Enter Angelo.

ANG. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew His name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The State, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vane. O Place! O Form!

Line 18: Angelo moves to 3, facing 3 with his back to the servant so as not to show the emotions hidden in his face.

The servant exits at D, glancing back curiously at Angelo who still stands with his back to him.

Line 24: Angelo turns, facing 9, and sinks in the chair at 3.



Line 33: Angelo rises.

Line 34: Isabella enters at D and crosses to C. S.

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood!
Let's write Good Angel on the Devil's horn,
'Tis not the Devil's crest--

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

SERV. One Isabel, a Sister,
Desires access to you.

ANG. Teach her the way. (Exit Servant.

O, Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Both making it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons:
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd King,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

ISAB. I am come to know your pleasure.

Line 36: Angelo sits.

Line 38: Isabella goes directly to Angelo.

Line 42: Angelo turns and moves to the chair at 6 with his back to Isabella.

Line 53: Angelo turns and crosses to Isabella, stopping at C. S.

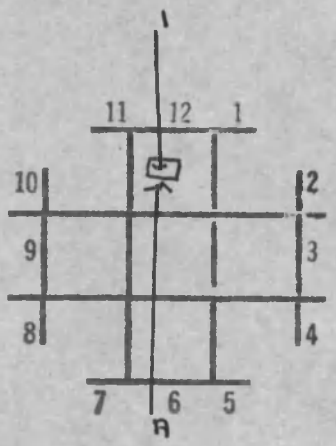
ANG. That you might know it would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
ISAB. Even so?--Heaven keep your Honour! (retiring.
ANG. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
ISAB. Under your sentence?
ANG. Yea.
ISAB. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
ANG. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put mettle in restrained means
To make a false one.
ISAB. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in Earth.
ANG. Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather: that the most just Law
Now took your brother's life? or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
ISAB. Sir, believe this:

Line 61: "I had rather give my body than my soul." This one line will point up Isabella's character.

Line 62: Angelo comes to her in impatience.

Line 63: Angelo backs Isabella into a chair at 12.

Line 67: Angelo places his hands on the arms of the chair.



I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANG. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

ISAB. How say you?

ANG. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded Law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life;
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

ISAB. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANG. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
'Twere equal poise of sin and charity.

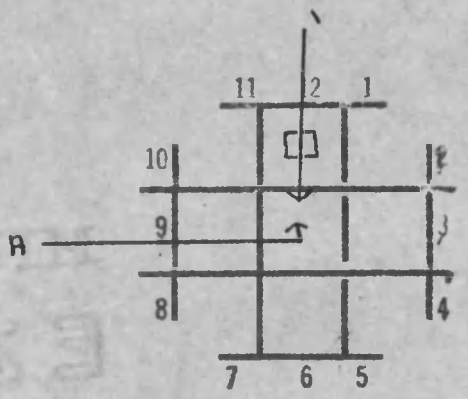
ISAB. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it!--You granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of you answer.

ANG. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so--craftily; and that's not good.

ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.

Line 86: Angelo moves C. S.; his back to Isabella.

Line 96: Angelo turns and faces Isabella.



Line 107: Isabella rises and comes to C. S.

ANG. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd!--But mark me.
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

ISAB. So.

ANG. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the Law upon that pain.

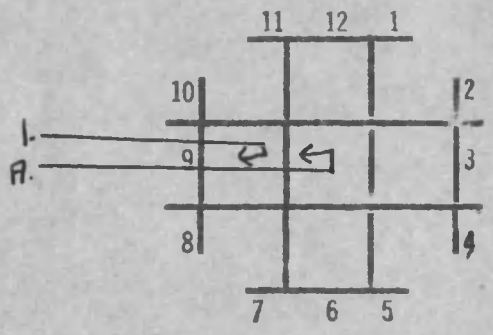
ISAB. True.

ANG. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question), that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding Law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer--
What would you do?

ISAB. As much for my poor brother, as myself.
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed

Line 113: Angelo grabs Isabella by the shoulders.

Line 115: Isabella backs up in the direction of 9 throughout the following lines, but Angelo still has his hands on her shoulders and follows her.

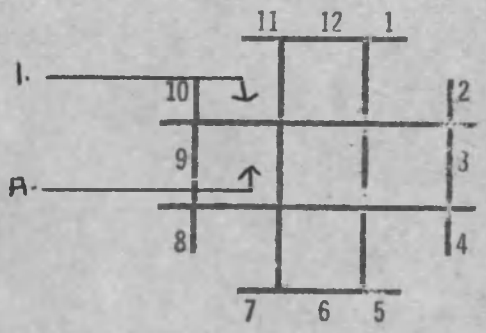


Line 126: Isabella breaks away from Angelo and stands before him at the edge of 9.

That long I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
ANG. Then must your brother die.
ISAB. And 'twere the cheaper way.
Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
ANG. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
ISAB. Ignominy in ransom and free Pardon
Are of two houses: lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to foul Redemption.
ANG. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
ISAB. O, pardon me, my Lord: it oft falls out,
To have what we would have,
We speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate
For his advantage that I dearly love.
ANG. We are all frail.
ISAB. Else let my brother die.
If not a foedary, but only he
Owe, and succeed this weakness.
ANG. Nay, women are frail too.

Line 151: Isabella turns her back on Angelo and moves to exit at D.

Line 153: Isabella turns and faces Angelo.



Line 160: Angelo moves to her and grabs her hands.

ISAB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!--Help Heaven!--Men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
ANG. I think it well,
And from this testimony of your own sex
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames), let me be bold:
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman: if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants), shew it now
By putting on the destin'd livery.
ISAB. I have no tongue but one: gentle my Lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
ANG. Plainly conceive, I love you.
ISAB. My brother did
Love Juliet, and you tell me he shall die for't.
ANG. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
ISAB. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is
To pluck on others.
ANG. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Line 162: Isabella pushes him away and turns to C. S.

Line 168: Angelo moves up in back of her and takes her shoulders.

Line 173: He turns her to face him.

Line 181: Angelo moves to exit at B.

Line 184: He exits at B.

Line 185: Isabella follows Angelo to door at B.

ISAB. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!--Seeming, seeming!--
I will proclaim thee, Angelo: look for't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
ANG. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the State
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true. (exit.
ISAB. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,

Line 191: "I'll to my brother": Isabella turns and starts to exit at D.

Line 201: Isabella exits at D.

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the Law make court'sy to their will!
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, Brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest. (exit.

Enter in this order:

The Duke enters at C, goes to bench at the edge of 6. Claudio enters next.

Cut Provost.

Line 1: Duke sits facing 6. Claudio goes to the bench at the edge of 6 and sits facing 12.

Line 6: Duke rises, moves to the font at C. Duke leans on the font facing Claudio during following lines:

Line 13: "Thou art not noble;" to Line 21 "That issue out of dust" are to be cut.

Reason: Though the Shakespearian verse is admirable it does not further the story line and can be spared to gain rapidity of pace.

Continue speech with "Happy thou art not."

ACT III

SCENE I. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

DUKE. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUD. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

DUKE. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life:--
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
(Servile to all the skyey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

Line 28: "Friend hast thou none" cut to Line 38.

Line 38: Continue with "What's yet in this".

Line 42: Claudio rises, goes to font on side facing 9, takes a drink of water with the dipper that is in the font.

Line 45: Isabella's voice is heard as coming from Entrance A.

For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange affects,
After the Moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast no youth nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet Death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

CLAUD. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

ISAB. (without.) What, ho! Peace here; Grace and good company!

Line 48: Cut.

Enter Isabella and Provost. Isabella goes to Claudio at font; they embrace; Provost goes to bench in area 3.

Line 49: Duke goes to bench in area 3.

Line 51: Isabella goes to Provost in Area 3.

Line 52: Cut "Look Signior, here's your sister."

Line 54: Duke leads Provost to area 4. Duke and Provost cross over to area 8, and exit at C.

Line 58: Draws Isabella down to bench at 3.

Line 65: Claudio rises, walks to edge of center area, faces 12.

Line 66: Isabella rises and remains standing at bench.

Line 68: Claudio turns and faces Isabella.

Line 69: Isabella walks to Claudio and faces him at area 12.

PROV. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Enter Isabella.

DUKE. Dear Son, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUD. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

ISAB. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROV. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

DUKE. Provost, a word with you.

PROV. As many as you please.

DUKE. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be Conceal'd. (Exeunt Duke and Provost.

CLAUD. Now, Sister, what's the comfort?

ISAB. Why, as all comforts are--most good in deed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed:
To-morrow you set on.

CLAUD. Is there no remedy?

ISAB. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUD. But is there any?

ISAB. Yes, Brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

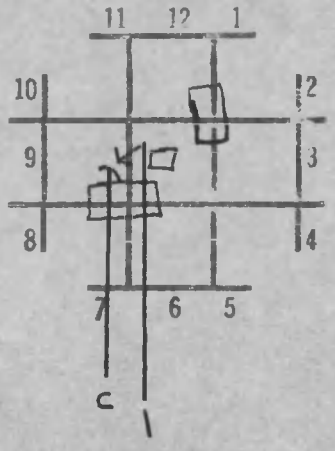
Line 81: Claudio crosses to edge of area 9 impatiently.

Line 82: Isabella follows him and stops at edge of C.

Line 85: "Dar'st thou die?" Isabella takes Claudio's arm and pulls him around to face her.

Line 90: Claudio shakes Isabella's hand from his arm and crosses to bench at 6. He turns at bench and continues his lines.

Line 95: Isabella moves to bench at 6.



But fetter you till death.

CLAUD. Perpetual durance?

ISAB. Ay, just: perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

CLAUD. But in what nature?

ISAB. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUD. Let me know the point.

ISAB. O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour! Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUD. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISAB. There spake my brother! there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life

Line 105: Isabella moves to font at 6 in a distracted manner.

Line 110: Claudio backs up against the bench in shock.

Line 116: Isabella rushes to him.

Line 119: Claudio sinks down on bench at 6.

Line 121: There should be a long pause after "Yes."

In base appliances. This outward-sainted Deputy--
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl--is yet a Devil.
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as Hell.

CLAUD. The primsie Angelo?

ISAB. O, 'tis the cunning livery of Hell
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In primsie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.

CLAUD. O, Heavens! it cannot be.

ISAB. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUD. Thou shalt not do't.

ISAB. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

CLAUD. Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISAB. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

CLAUD. Yes.--Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,

Line 125: Isabella backs away from her brother in suspicion.

Line 126: Claudio rises.

Line 129: Isabella faces Claudio.

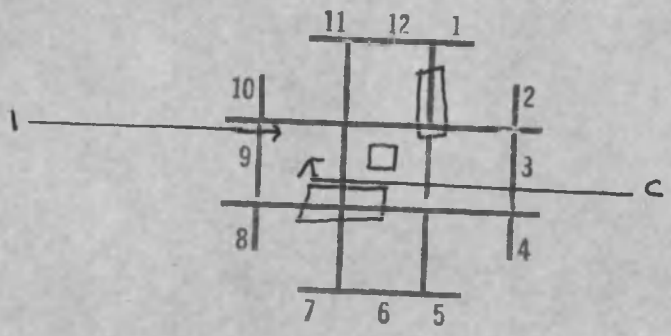
Line 130: Claudio moves toward her, pleading.

Line 131: Isabella stands stiffly, staring at her brother.

Line 142: Claudio falls on his knees at his sister's feet.

Line 147: Isabella backs away from him.

Line 148: Claudio remains kneeling.



Or of the deadly Seven it is the least.

ISAB. Which is the least?

CLAUD. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?--O Isabel!

ISAB. What says my brother?

CLAUD. Death is a fearful thing.

ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUD. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagines howling!--'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISAB. Alas! alas!

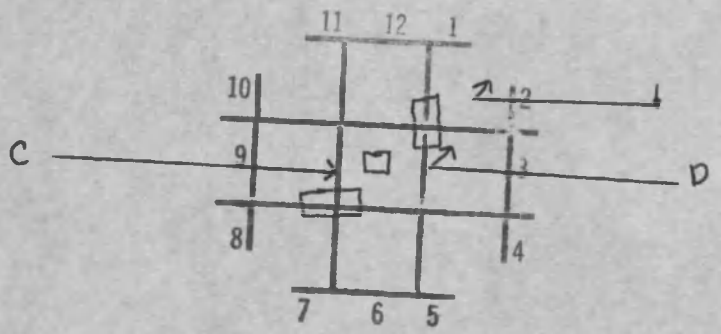
CLAUD. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Line 152: Isabella stands over him.

Line 164: Claudio tries to stand up to interrupt her.

Line 165: Isabella turns her back on him and starts to leave at Exit A.

Line 169: Claudio stands and starts to follow her, but the Duke enters at 8 and stops him with a gesture. The Duke then follows Isabella and stops her at 2.



Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISAB. O, you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair,
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood! Take my defiance:
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUD. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISAB. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. (going.

CLAUD. O, hear me, Isabella!

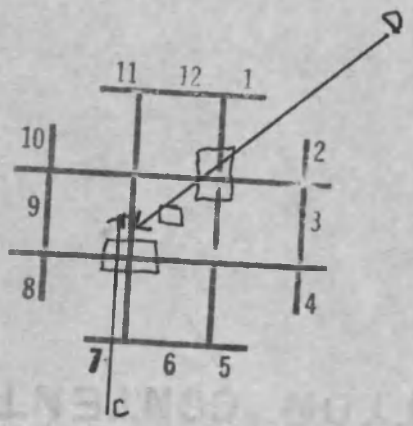
Re-enter Duke.

DUKE. Vouchsafe a word, young Sister, but one word.

ISAB. What is your will?

DUKE. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by-and-by have some speech with you. The satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Line 175: Isabella exits at A.
The Duke returns to 6 and speaks to Claudio.



Line 188: Claudio exits quickly at A.

Provost re-enters at 8, Isabella re-enters at A.
Duke meets him at the edge of 9.

Line 196: Provost exits at D.

Line 197: Duke draws Isabella onto bench at 3.

ISAB. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

DUKE. (aside to Claudio.) Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her: only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am Confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to Death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

CLAUD. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

DUKE. Hold you there. Farewell. (Exit Claudio.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

PROV. What's your will, Father?

DUKE. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

PROV. In good time. (Exit Provost.

DUKE. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but Grace, being the soul of

Line 205: Isabella rises, moves to behind the bench, placing her in Area 3, facing 9.

Line 213: Duke rises and joins Isabella in Area 3; he faces 1.

Line 221: Isabella turns to the Duke and they both resume their seats on the bench at Area 3.

your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this Substitute and to save your brother?

ISAB. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his Government.

DUKE. That shall not be much amiss. Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wrong'd lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

ISAB. Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

DUKE. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick,

the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

DUKE. She should this Angelo have married: was affianc'd to her oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrack'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renown'd brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISAB. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

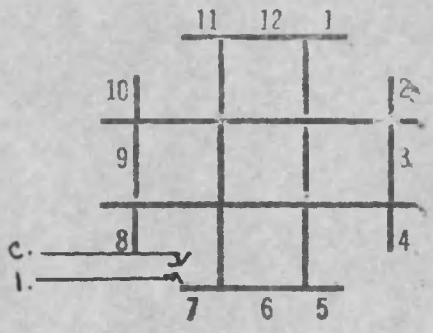
DUKE. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is wash'd with them, but relents not.

ISAB. What a merit were it in Death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this Life that it will let this man live!--But how out of this can she avail?

DUKE. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you

Line 267: Isabella rises.

Line 270: Duke rises and leads her to Exit C.



from dishonour in doing it.

ISAB. Shew me how, good Father.

DUKE. This forenam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quench'd her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all:— we shall advise wrong'd maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is your brother sav'd, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantag'd, and the corrupt Deputy scal'd. The maid will I frame, and make fit for this attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISAB. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

DUKE. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will

Line 280: Isabella takes Duke's hand, then exits, as he stands there.

Act III, Scene II

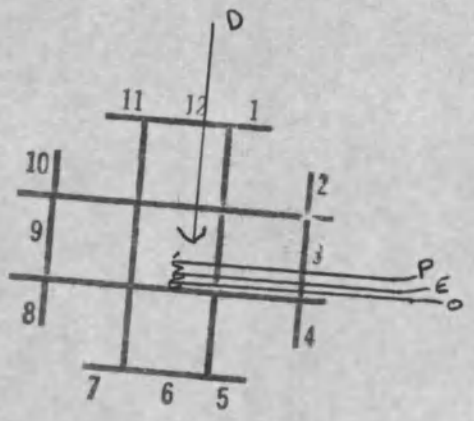
Imaginary ramps are to be used again in the same fashion as Act I, Scene II. Two officers are placed at Entrance A to establish its identity as the street to the prison.

The Duke enters on Ramp F at D and stops at 12. Elbow, Pompey, and two officers enter on Ramp F at B.

Line 1: Elbow starts his speech, but is interrupted at "We shall have" by the Duke. (In arena staging vulgar dialogue can embarrass the audience considerably because of their proximity to the actor.).

The Duke meets Pompey at C. S. Pompey, Elbow and officers are facing 12; the Duke faces 6.

Line 11: Elbow tries to drag Pompey to the prison gates at 8.



presently to St. Luke's: there, at the Moated Grange, resides this defected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISAB. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good Father. (exeunt.

SCENE II. The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

ELB. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE. O, Heavens! what stuff is here?

CLO. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of Law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox on lamb-skins too: to signify that Craft, being richer than Innocency, stands for the facing.

ELB. Come your ways, Sir. Bless you, good Father Friar.

DUKE. And you, good Brother Father. What offence hath this man made you, Sir?

ELB. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

DUKE. Fie, sirrah, fie! a bawd, a wicked bawd!

Line 19: Duke follows Elbow as he leads Pompey to Exit A.

Line 27: Pompey turns to the Duke.

Line 32: Elbow starts to lead Pompey off again and they move to 2.

Line 41: Elbow calls back to the Duke.

The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice! Say to thyself:--
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live!
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

CLO. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove--

DUKE. Nay, if the Devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, Officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELB. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning. The Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, or faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

ELB. His neck will come to your waist--a cord, Sir!

CLO. I spy comfort; I cry Bail! Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

LUCIO. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of

Line 44: Enter Lucio at B, meets Pompey at 12. Lucio speaks to the Duke.

Line 65: Lucio starts to exit at B.

Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

DUKE. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

LUCIO. How doth my dear morsel, thy Mistress? Procures she still, ha?

CLO. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCIO. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd. An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

CLO. Yes, faith, Sir.

LUCIO. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

ELB. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

LUCIO. Well; then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too--bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the Prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey: you will keep the house?

Line 80: Exit Pompey and Elbow at A.

Line 81: Pompey turns to Friar and they walk on Ramp A to Ramp B to Ramp C in the next speech.

CLO. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

LUCIO. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey: it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.--Bless you, Friar!

DUKE. And you.

LUCIO. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

ELB. Come your ways, Sir; come.

CLO. You will not bail me then, Sir?

LUCIO. Then, Pompey? Nor now. What news abroad, Friar? What news?

ELB. Come your ways, Sir; come.

LUCIO. Go--to kennel, Pompey, go!

(Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

What news, Friar, of the Duke?

DUKE. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO. Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?

DUKE. I know not where. But wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

DUKE. He does well in't.

LUCIO. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabb'd that way, Friar.

Line 113: Duke stops in surprise, Lucio stops to continue the conversation.

DUKE. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied. But it is impossible to extirp it quite, Friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

DUKE. How should he be made, then?

LUCIO. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice: that I know to be true. And he is a motion generative: that's infallible.

DUKE. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women: he was not inclin'd that way.

LUCIO. O, Sir! you are deceiv'd.

DUKE. 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO. Who? not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The

Line 121: They continue their walk.

Line 130: Duke stops and so does Lucio, slightly ahead of the Duke.

Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too: that let me inform you.

DUKE. You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

DUKE. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

LUCIO. No--pardon; 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand: the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

DUKE. Wise? Why, no question but he was.

LUCIO. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm'd, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

LUCIO. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE. Love talks with better knowledge, and Knowledge with dear love.

LUCIO. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

DUKE. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your

answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

LUCIO. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

DUKE. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO. I fear you not.

DUKE. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

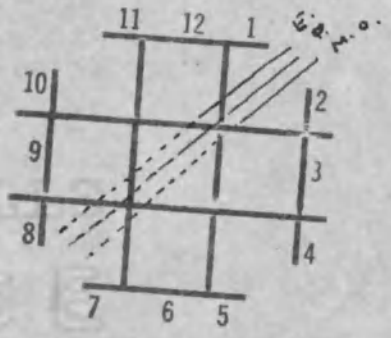
LUCIO. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

DUKE. Why should he die, Sir?

LUCIO. Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again! This ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light. Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good Friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so.

Lucio exits at B.

Enter Escalus, Provost, Mistress Overdone and officers at C. "Bawd" refers to Mistress Overdone. They move in the direction of Exit A on Ramp E at C.



Exit Mistress Overdone and officers at A.

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Farewell. (exit.

DUKE. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

ESCAL. Go: away with her to prison!

BAWD. Good my Lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man. Good my Lord!

ESCAL. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make Mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

PROV. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your Honour.

BAWD. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

ESCAL. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us.--Away with her to prison. Go to; no more words. (Exeunt Bawd and Officers.) Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd: Claudio must die to-morrow; let him be furnish'd with divines, and have

all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROV. So please you, this Friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

ESCAL. Good even, good Father.

DUKE. Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCAL. Of whence are you?

DUKE. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a Brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

ESCAL. What news abroad i' the world?

DUKE. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty only is in request; and it is as dangerous to be ag'd in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

ESCAL. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

DUKE. What pleasure was he given to?

ESCAL. Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry

Line 243: Escalus and Provost exit at A.

at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

DUKE. He professes to have receiv'd no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice. Yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

ESCAL. You have paid the Heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed--Justice.

DUKE. If his own life answer the straitness of the proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

ESCAL. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE. Peace be with you! (Exeunt Escalus and Provost.

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,

Much of this scene can be cut, but little can be done about the blocking until the actors are placed on stage and their capabilities realized.

Grace to stand, virtue to go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side!
How may likeness wade in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis 'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. (exit.

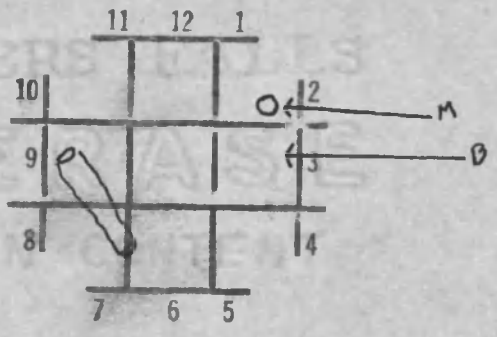
Strike a room in the Moated Grange and change to Outside Scene at the Moated Grange.

Lights come up on Mariana sitting on a stool at 2.

A boy is sitting on the ground next to her at 3.

Line 9: Boy rises, exits at B.

Line 10: Duke enters at C, Mariana rises and meets him at 6.



ACT IV

SCENE 1. A Room in the Moated Grange.

Enter Mariana and a Boy (singing).

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

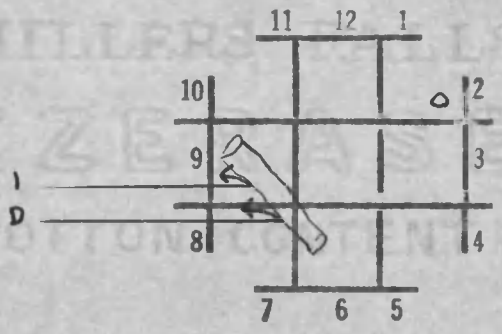
MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:

Enter Duke.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. (Exit Boy.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so--
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

DUKE. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Line 27: Mariana exits at B.
Isabella enters at A and comes to the Duke, who meets her at 3. He leads her to log at 8 where they sit.



MARI. You have not been inquir'd after: I have sat here
all day.
DUKE. I do constantly believe you. The time is come,
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little;
may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage
to yourself.
MARI. I am always bound to you. (exit.

Enter Isabella.

DUKE. Very well met, and welcome!
What is the news from this good Deputy?
ISAB. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads:
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.
DUKE. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
ISAB. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.
DUKE. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Line 52: Duke rises and goes to Exit B where he calls Mariana. He leads Mariana over to Isabella who stands at 6.

Line 64: Mariana steps aside and lets Isabella go ahead, then follows her out Exit B.

Line 65: Duke returns to seat on the tree stump, but watches the direction in which the two girls have gone.

ISAB. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuason is
I come about my brother.
DUKE. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!
Enter Mariana.
I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.
ISAB. I do desire the like.
DUKE. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
MARI. Good Friar, I know you do; and I have found it.
DUKE. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure. But make haste:
The vaporous night approaches.
MARI. Will't please you walk aside?
(Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.
DUKE. O Place and Greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! Thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,

Line 70: Re-enter Mariana and Isabella. Duke stands and meets them at S. C.

Line 85: Exit at D.

Act IV, Scene II

A room in the prison.

Provost and Pompey enter at A.

Line 1: Provost sits on bench bordering 9 and 12.

Line 2: Pompey goes to font and dips the container for water.

And rack thee in their fancies!--

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome! How agreed?

ISAB. She'll take the enterprise upon her, Father,
If you advise it.

DUKE. 'Tis not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

ISAB. Little have you to s ay,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

MARI. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle Daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow. (exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

PROV. Come hither, sirrah! Can you cut off a man's head?

CLO. If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROV. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio

Line 13: Pompey moves to bench bordering 4 and 6.

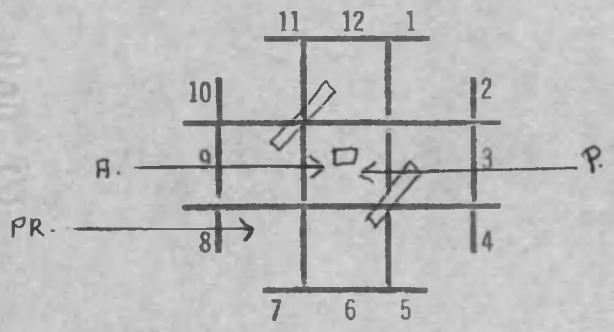
Line 17: Provost goes to Exit C and yells for Abhorson.

Abhorson enters at B.

Line 24: Abhorson studies the Clown with obvious dislike.

Line 26: Pompey gets up and bows mockingly at Abhorson.

Line 31: Abhorson goes to the font and faces 3.



Barnardine. Here is in our Prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

CLO. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

PROV. What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

ABHOR. Do you call, Sir?

PROV. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

ABHOR. A bawd, Sir? Fie upon him! He will discredit our mystery.

PROV. Go to, Sir: you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. (exit.

CLO. Pray, Sir, by your good favour (for surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look), do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

ABHOR. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Line 32: Clown goes to font and faces 6.

Line 44: Provost re-enters at C and stands at 7.

Line 50: Abhorson and Clown start to exit at B.

CLO. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery. But what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd I cannot imagine.

ABHOR. Sir, it is a mystery.

CLO. Proof.

ABHOR. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

CLO. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough. So every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

PROV. Are you agreed?

CLO. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

PROV. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHOR. Come on, Bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

CLO. I do desire to learn, Sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare. For, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

PROV. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

Pompey and Abhorson exit at B.

Line 58: Enter Claudio at B.

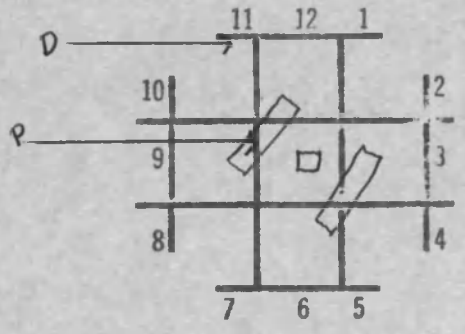
Provost meets Claudio at 9.

Sound cue: Noises at A.

Claudio exits at D.

Line 68: Provost sits on bench bordering 9 and 12.

Line 70: Duke enters at D and goes to 11.



(Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

CLAUD. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

PROV. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

(Knocking within.

Heaven give your spirits comfort! (Exit Claudio.)
By-and-by!--
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.--Welcome, Father.

Enter Duke.

DUKE. The best and wholesomest Spirits of the night
Envelope you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

PROV. None, since the curfew rung.

DUKE. Not Isabel?

PROV. No.

DUKE. They will then, ere't be long.

PROV. What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE. There's some in hope.

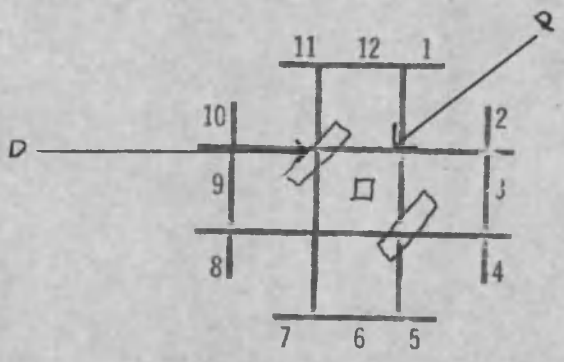
Sound cue: Noise at A.

Strike Provost enters.

Line 91: Is heard from offstage at A.

Provost enters at Line 92 at A.

Line 97: Duke sits at bench bordering 9 and 10.



PROV. It is a bitter Deputy.

DUKE. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.--Now are they come.
(Knocking within. Provost goes out.
This is a gentle Provost! Seldom-when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.--
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

Enter Provost (speaking to one at the door).

PROV. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

DUKE. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

PROV. None, Sir, none.

DUKE. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

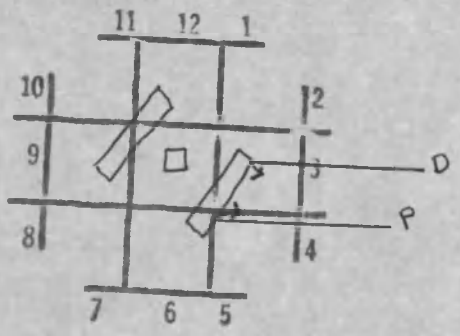
PROV. Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we.
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,

Line 104: Messenger enters at D and Provost meets him at C. S.

Line 112: Messenger exits at C. S.

Provost sits at bench bordering 4 and 5.

Line 124: Duke moves to bench at 4 and 5.



Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary. (Enter a Messenger.) This is
his Lordship's man.

DUKE. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

MESS. My Lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, nor other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROV. I shall obey him. (Exit Messenger.

DUKE. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin. (aside.
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.--
Now, Sir, what news?

PROV. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on: methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE. Pray you, let's hear.

PROV. (reads.) Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Caludio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought that more depends on

Line 132: Duke sits beside Provost at bench bordering 4 and 5.

on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril. What say you to this, Sir?

DUKE. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

PROV. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE. How came it that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROV. His friends still wroughtreprieves for him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

DUKE. Is it now apparent?

PROV. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

PROV. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep: careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

DUKE. He wants advice.

PROV. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the Prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him

to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not mov'd him at all.

DUKE. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

PROV. Pray, Sir, in what?

DUKE. In the delaying death.

PROV. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

DUKE. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

PROV. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

DUKE. O, Death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know, the course is common. If any thing

Line 185: Duke rises impatiently.

fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess I will plead against it with my life.

PROV. Pardon me, good Father: it is against my oath.

DUKE. Were you sworn to the Duke or to the Deputy?

PROV. To him, and to his Substitutes.

DUKE. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

PROV. But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

PROV. I know them both.

DUKE. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the Duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all

Line 207: Duke rises.

Line 212: Duke exits at A, Provost follows.

Lights fade.

Act IV, Scene III

Lights rise.

Lines 1 to 18: To be blocked after the actor to play the role of Pompey is chosen.

difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away: it is almost clear dawn. (exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Clown.

CLO. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash: he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-Pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copperspur, and Master Starve-Lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and Master Forthright the tilter, and brave Master Shootie the great traveller, and wild Half-Can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more: all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

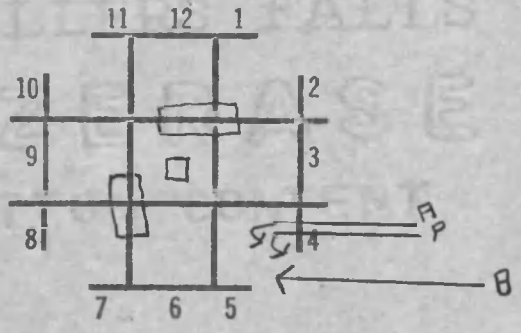
Line 18: Enter Abhorson at A and comes to S. C.

Line 20: Pompey goes to Exit B and calls out.

Line 23: Voices heard at Entrance B.

Line 28: Abhorson joins Pompey at Exit B.

Line 35: Enter Barnardine at B.



Line 39: Barnardine passes Pompey and Abhorson at 4 and moves to bench bordering 3 and 9 where he sprawls.

Line 41: Pompey follows him to the bench and stands there facing 6.

Enter Abhorson.

ABHOR. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

CLO. Master Barnardine!--You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

ABHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BARNAR. (within.) A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

CLO. Your friends, Sir: the hangman. You must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNAR. (within.) Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

ABHOR. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

CLO. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHOR. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

CLO. He is coming, Sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

ABHOR. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

CLO. Very ready, Sir.

Enter Barnardine.

BARNAR. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

ABHOR. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNAR. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for't.

CLO. O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the

Line 43: Duke enters at D.

Line 44: Abhorson moves to bench and stands facing 12.

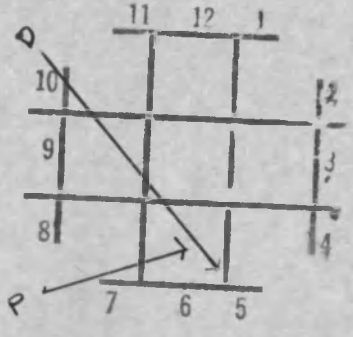
Line 46: Duke comes to bench and stands looking down at Abhorson. Pompey and Abhorson move to bench bordering 12 and 1. They sit there and listen to the Duke and Barnardine. Throughout this scene Barnardine lies on the bench with his hands behind his head, perfectly relaxed.

Line 58: Barnardine rises and exits at B.

Line 59: Enter Provost at C.

Line 61: Abhorson and Clown exit at B.

Line 62: The Duke and Provost meet at 6.



sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke

ABHOR. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly Father.
Do we jest now, think you?

DUKE. Sir, induc'd by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNAR. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE. O, Sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNAR. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuason.

DUKE. But hear you--

BARNAR. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I today. (exit.

Enter Provost.

DUKE. Unfit to live, or die. O, gravel heart!--
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

(Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.

PROV. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Line 90: Provost exits at C.

PROV. Here in the Prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
DUKE. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.
PROV. This shall be done, good Father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?
DUKE. Let this be done:
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine
And Claudio.
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
PROV. I am your free dependant.
DUKE. Quick, dispatch,

Line 92: Cut "Exit Provost". Duke calls his last sentence out Exit C, where he has followed the Provost.

Line 93: Duke walks to bench bordering 3 and 6. He sits down facing 3.

Line 101: Provost enters.

Line 102: Change "Here is the head" to "I have the head". This makes it unnecessary to supply a prop signifying a head.

Line 106: Provost exits at D.

Line 107: Isabella's voice is heard from Entrance A. Duke is half-way to Entrance A.

Line 112: Isabella enters at A, meets Duke at 12.

And send the head to Angelo. (Exit Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo--
Sha Provost, he shall bear them--whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount
A league below the City; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost.

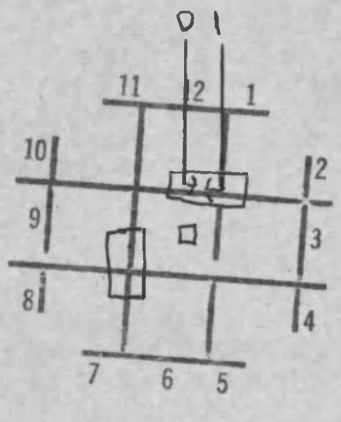
PROV. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
DUKE. Convenient is it! Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but your's.
PROV. I'll make all speed. (exit.
ISAB. (within.) Peace, ho, be here!
DUKE. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

ISAB. Ho! by your leave.
DUKE. Good morning to you, fair and gracious Daughter.
ISAB. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Line 122: Isabella turns to Exit A.

Line 123: Duke takes Isabella's arm and leads her to bench bordering 12 and 1. He tries to comfort her.



Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?

DUKE. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

ISAB. Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE. It is no other: shew your wisdom, Daughter,
In your close patience.

ISAB. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!

DUKE. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISAB. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

DUKE. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow--nay, dry your eyes!
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

ISAB. I am directed by you.

Line 153: Duke rises.

Lucio enters at D and goes to Isabella at 12.

Line 163: Isabella exits at A.

DUKE. This letter then to Friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return.
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and your's
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart. Trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course.--Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

LUCIO. Good even!
Friar, where is the Provost?

DUKE. Not within, Sir.

LUCIO. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. (Exit Isabella.

DUKE. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Line 168: Duke starts to exit at B, Lucio stops him.

Duke and Friar exit at B.

Act IV, Scene IV A room in Angelo's house.

Lights come up.

Angelo and Escalus enter at D. Angelo goes to his chair at 3, Escalus follows.

LUCIO. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

DUKE. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

LUCIO. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

DUKE. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

LUCIO. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

DUKE. Did you such a thing?

LUCIO. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

DUKE. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

LUCIO. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, Friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. (exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

ESCAL. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch's other.

ANG. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness: pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

ESCAL. I guess not.

Line 16: Escalus exits at D.

Line 17: Angelo rises.

Lines 17 to 32: These lines cannot be blocked until actually on stage where the actors' capabilities can be evaluated.

ANG. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

ESCAL. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANG. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' the morn; I'll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

ESCAL. I shall, Sir: fare you well. (exit.

ANG. Good night.--

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The law against it!--But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no:
For my authority bears a so credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather.--He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack! when once our Grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. (exit.

Scene V (Fields Within the Town) and Scene VI (Street Before The City Gate) are both to be acted upon a completely bare stage. The difference of place and time will be shown by the lowering and raising of lights.

Scene V

The Duke and Friar enter at D on Ramp E and stop at 11.

Line 11: Friar exits at B, Ramp F.

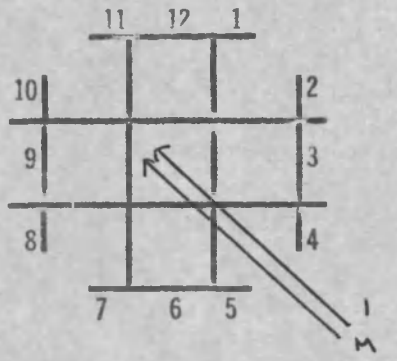
Line 12: Varrius enters at A, Ramp E and meets the Duke at S. C.

Varrius and the Duke exit at E.

The lights dim out and slowly rise again.

Scene VI

Isabella and Mariana enter at B, Ramp E; they walk directly to S. C.



SCENE V. Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke, in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

DUKE. These letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the Gate;
But send me Flavius first.

FRI. P. It shall be speeded well.

(Exit Friar.

Enter Varrius.

DUKE. I thank thee, Varrius: thou hast made good haste!
Come we, will walk: there's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. (exeunt.

SCENE VI. Street near the City Gate.

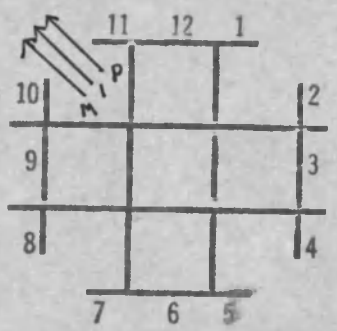
Enter Isabella and Mariana.

ISAB. To speak so indirectly I am loth:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

MARI. Be rul'd by him.

Line 11: Friar Peter enters at D, Ramp E, and meets them at S. C.

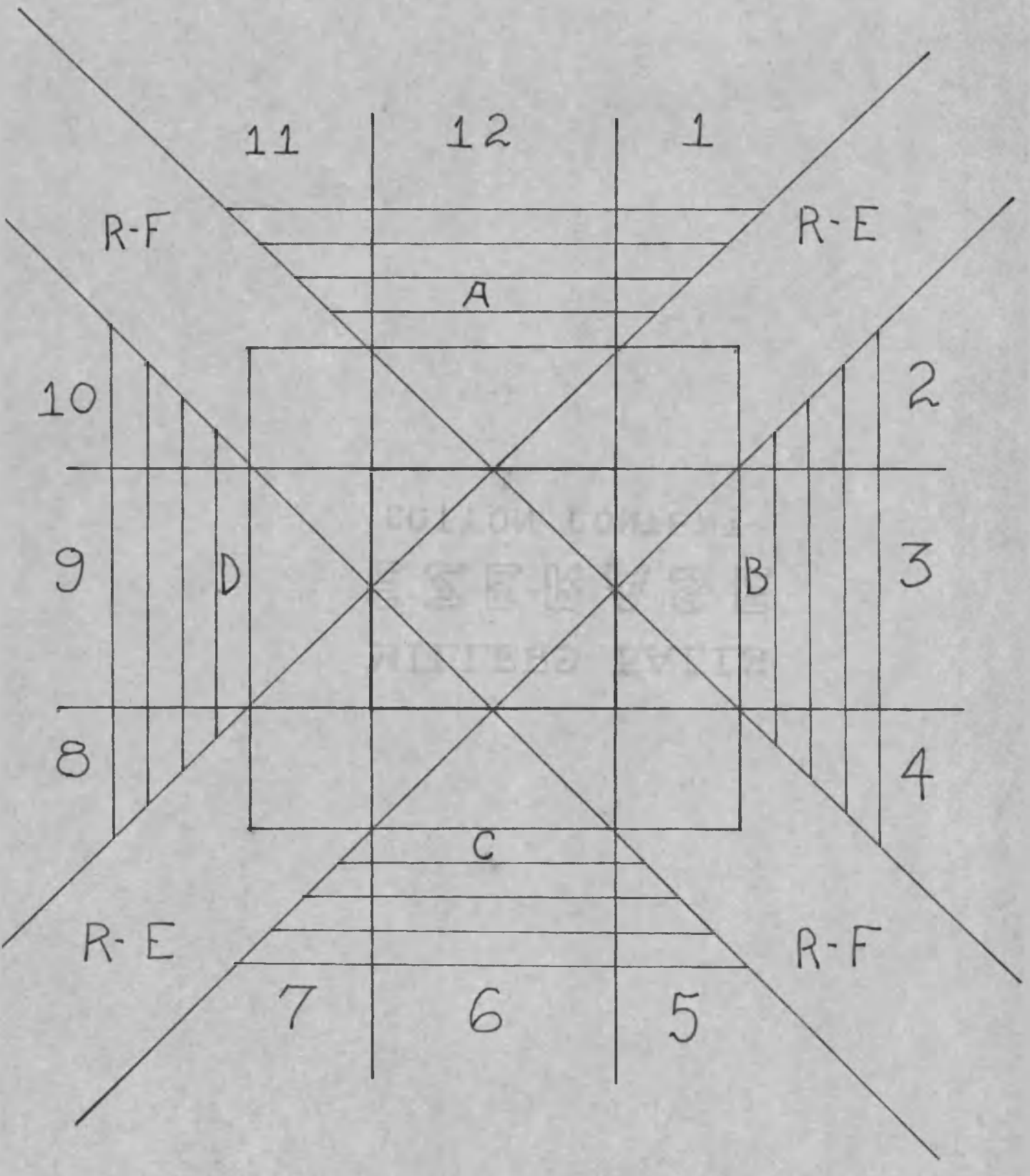
Line 12: Friar leads them out Exit at D, Ramp E.



ISAB. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
MARI. I would, Friar Peter--
ISAB. O, peace! the Friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

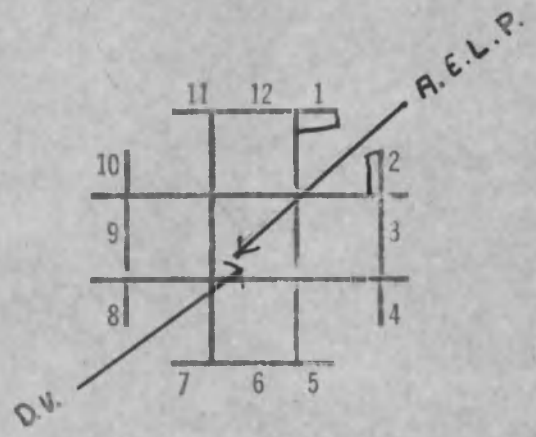
FRI. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the Gates, and very near upon
The Duke is ent'ring; therefore, hence, away! (exeunt.


11
12
1
R-F
R-E
A
10
2
9
D
B
3
8
4
C
R-E
R-F
7
6
5

Enter Duke, Varrius on Ramp E, Entrance C.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, and two officers on Ramp E, Entrance A.

Line 1: The two groups meet at C. S.



Line 17: Isabella, Marianna and Friar Peter enter Ramp F at Entrance D and start walking to C. S.

ACT V

SCENE I. A Public Place near the City Gate.

Mariana (veiled), Isabella, and Peter, at a distance.

Enter at opposite doors, Duke, Varrius, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

DUKE. My very worthy Cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

ANG.)
) Happy return be to your royal Grace!
ESCAL.)

DUKE. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

ANG. You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of Time
And razure of Oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see: to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus--

Line 20: Isabella kneels down before the Duke.

Line 31: Isabella rises, turns and points an accusing finger at Angelo.

Line 33: Isabella turns back to the Duke.

Line 36: Angelo pushes himself in front of Isabella on Ramp E.

Line 40: Claudio on Ramp A steps in front of Isabella on Ramp E.

You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Peter and Isabella come forward.

FRI. P. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISAB. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy Prince--dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

DUKE. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

ISAB. O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the Devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, Here!

ANG. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice.--

ISAB. By course of justice!--

ANG. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

ISAB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?

Line 43: At Isabella's words, Angelo steps to the side of the Duke and faces Isabella.

Line 52: Duke turns to Varrius.

Isabella rushes to the Duke and takes his hand.

Line 65: The Duke turns to Angelo.

That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

DUKE. Nay, ten times strange.

ISAB. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

DUKE. Away with her!--Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

ISAB. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike! 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince!
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

DUKE. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense

Line 84: Lucio steps forward.

(Such a dependency of thing on thing!)
As e'er I heard in madness.
ISAB. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems-true.
DUKE. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you say?
ISAB. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a Sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: one Lucio
As then the messenger--
LUCIO. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
ISAB. That's he, indeed.
DUKE. You were not bid to speak.
LUCIO. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
DUKE. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take not of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then

Line 102: Lucio resumes his original place on Ramp.

Line 120: Duke turns to Angelo.

Be perfect.

LUCIO. I warrant your Honour.

DUKE. The warrant's for yourself: take heed to it.

ISAB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

LUCIO. Right.

DUKE. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

ISAB. I went
To this pernicious, caitiff Deputy.

DUKE. That's somewhat madly spoken.

ISAB. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.

DUKE. Mended again. The matter: proceed.

ISAB. In brief--to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied
(For this was of much length)--the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible, intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

DUKE. This is most likely!

Line 133: Isabella turns and moves to ll on Ramp F. An Officer stops her at ll.

ISAB. O, that it were as like as it is true!

DUKE. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

ISAB. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

DUKE. I know, you'd fain be gone. An Officer!
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

ISAB. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

DUKE. A ghostly Father, belike! Who knows that
Lodowick?

Line 147: Lucio steps forward.

Line 157: Friar Peter moves in front of the Duke.

LUCIO. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling Friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
DUKE. Words against me? This's a good Friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute!--Let this Friar be found.
LUCIO. But yesternight, my Lord, she and that Friar,
I saw them at the Prison: a saucy Friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
FRI. P. Bless'd be your Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.
DUKE. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
FRI. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.
LUCIO. My Lord, most villainously; believe it.
FRI. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,

Line 180: Marianna enters Ramp F at D and stands at 10.

Line 184: The officer takes Isabella off on Ramp F, Exit B.

Marianna comes to C. S. and faces the Duke.

Line 187: The Duke calls for seats and servants Exit to return immediately with small chairs for the Duke, Varrius, Escalus and Angelo.

Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd),
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE. Good Friar, let's hear it.

(Isabella is carried off, guarded; and
Mariana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo!
O, Heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!--
Give us some seats. Come, Cousin Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, Friar?
First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

MARI. Pardon, my Lord: I will not shew my face
Until my husband bid me.

DUKE. What, are you married?

MARI. No, my Lord.

DUKE. Are you a maid?

MARI. No, my Lord.

Line 212: Lucio returns to his original place on the Ramp.

DUKE. A widow then?

MARI. Neither, my Lord.

DUKE. Why, you
Are nothing then! Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

LUCIO. My Lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

DUKE. Silence that fellow! I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

LUCIO. Well, my Lord.

MARI. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

LUCIO. He was drunk then, my Lord: it can be no better.

DUKE. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

LUCIO. Well, my Lord.

DUKE. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARI. Now I come to't, my Lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

ANG. Charges she more than me?

MARI. Not that I know.

DUKE. No? you say your husband?

Line 226: Angelo steps before Isabella.

MARI. Why, just, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.
ANG. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.
MARI. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. (unveiling
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.
DUKE. Know you this woman?
LUCIO. Carnally, she says.
DUKE. Sirrah, no more.
LUCIO. Enough, my Lord.
ANG. My Lord, I must confess I know this woman,
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition; but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour!
MARI. Noble Prince,

Line 265: The chairs have been supplied and Angelo, Varrius, and the Duke are seated.

As there comes light from Heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

ANG. I did but smile till now!
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of justice:
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out.

DUKE. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them up to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Friar that set them on:

Line 280: Provost exits on Ramp F, Exit B.

Line 287: Duke exits on Ramp F, Exit B.

Let him be sent for.

FRI. P. Would he were here, my Lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

DUKE. Go, do it instantly. (Exit Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for awhile will leave you,
But stir not you, till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers.

ESCAL. My Lord, we'll do it thoroughly. (Exit Duke.)
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing
but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most
villainous speeches of the Duke.

ESCAL. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him: we shall find this Friar
a notable fellow.

LUCIO. As any in Vienna, on my word!

ESCAL. Call that same Isabel here once again: (to an
Attendant.) I would speak with her. Pray you, my
Lord, give me leave to question: you shall see how
I'll handle her.

Line 305: Duke, Isabella and Provost enter on Ramp F, Entrance B.

LUCIO. Not better than he, by her own report.

ESCAL. Say you?

LUCIO. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess; perchance, publicly, she'll be asham'd.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella, the Duke, in the Friar's habit, and Provost.

ESCAL. I will go darkly to work with her.

LUCIO. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

ESCAL. (to Isabella.) Come on, Mistress! Here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

LUCIO. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

ESCAL. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

LUCIO. Mum.

ESCAL. Come, Sir. Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

DUKE. 'Tis false.

ESCAL. How! know you where you are?

DUKE. Respect to your great place, and let the Devil Be sometimes honour'd for his burning Throne! Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

ESCAL. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

DUKE. Boldly, at least! But, O poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good-night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

ESCAL. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the Duke himself--to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence! To the rack with him!
We'll touse you joint by joint but we will know
His purpose. What! unjust?

DUKE. Be not so hot: the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this State
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

ESCAL. Slander to the State! Away with him to prison.

ANG. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman Baldpate: do you know me?

DUKE. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the Prison in the absence of the Duke.

LUCIO. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

DUKE. Most notedly, Sir.

LUCIO. Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

DUKE. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

LUCIO. O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE. I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

ANG. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

ESCAL. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: away with him to prison! Where is the Provost?--Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more! Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

Line 377: Provost takes Duke by the arm, then drops it.

Line 379: Lucio takes Duke's other arm and jerks off his hood.

Line 386: Lucio starts to sneak off on Ramp F towards Exit B, but is stopped by the Duke's words and an officer.

Line 391: Escalus takes Angelo's chair and Angelo stands before the Duke.

(The Provost lays hands on the Duke.

DUKE. Stay, Sir; stay awhile.

ANG. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir! Why you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

(pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

DUKE. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; (to Lucio.) for the Friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

LUCIO. This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE. (to Escalus.) What you have spoke, I pardon:
sit you down:
We'll borrow place of him. (to Angelo.) Sir, by your leave:
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

ANG. O my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your Grace, like Power Divine,

Line 412: Friar Peter, Angelo and Marianna exit on Ramp E, Exit A.

Line 415: Isabella stands before the Duke.

Line 420: Isabella kneels before the Duke.

Line 423: Duke helps Isabella to rise.

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

DUKE. Come hither, Mariana:
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANG. I was, my Lord.

DUKE. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, Friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

(Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter and Provost.

ESCAL. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE. Come hither, Isabel.
Your Friar is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

ISAB. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

DUKE. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,

Line 433: Re-enter Angelo, Friar Peter and Marianna on Ramp E, Entrance A.

Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash demonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose! But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

ISAB. I do, my Lord.

DUKE. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake. But as he adjudg'd your brother
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life),
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue:--
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still for MEASURE.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block

Line 467: Marianna kneels before the Duke.

Line 470: Marianna turns to Isabella.

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him!

MARI. O my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

DUKE. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confutation they are our's,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

MARI. O my dear Lord,
I crave no other nor no better man.

DUKE. Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARI. Gentle, my Liege-- (kneeling.

DUKE. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death! Now, Sir, (to Lucio.) to you.

MARI. O, my good Lord!--Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

DUKE. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,

Line 485: Isabella kneels beside Marianna in front of the Duke.

Line 499: Isabella and Marianna rise.

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

MARI. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me!
Hold you your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband!--
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

DUKE. He dies for Claudio's death.

ISAB. Most bounteous Sir, (kneeling.
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died.
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

MARI. Merely, my Lord.

DUKE. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault:
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

Line 517: Provost exits on Ramp E, Exit A.

At an unusual hour?

PROV. It was commanded.

DUKE. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

PROV. No, my good Lord; it was by private message.

DUKE. For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

PROV. Pardon me, noble Lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice:

For testimony whereof, one in the Prison,

That should by private order else have died,

I have reserv'd alive.

DUKE. What's he?

PROV. His name is Barnardine.

DUKE. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

(Exit Provost.

ESCAL. I am sorry one so learned and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

ANG. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart

That I crave death more willingly than mercy:

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Provost enters on Ramp E, Entrance A, with Claudio and Juliet.

Line 537: Claudio is revealed.

Line 541: Duke takes Isabella's hand.

Enter Provost, with Barnardine,
Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

DUKE. Which is that Barnardine?
PROV. This (he), my Lord.
DUKE. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those eartly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
PROV. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head:
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
(unmuffles Claudio.
DUKE. (to Isabella.) If he be like your brother, for
his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake
(Give me your hand, and say you will be mine!)
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that!
By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well;
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth your's.
I find an apt remission in myself,

Line 563: Officer starts to drag Lucio out Entrance A on Ramp E.

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
(to Lucio.) You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a
coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I deserved so of you
That you extol me thus?

LUCIO. 'Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipp'd.

DUKE. Whipp'd first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the City:
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one,
Whom he hath got with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

LUCIO. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your Highness said even now I made you a Duke: good my Lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

DUKE. Upon mine honour thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive: and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

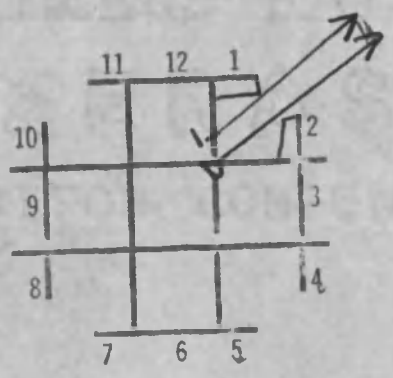
LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Line 587: Duke leads Isabella out Ramp E, Exit A. The rest of the cast steps back and lets them pass.

Line 590: The lights fade.

DUKE. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
ANG. The offence pardons itself.
DUKE. There's more behind
That is more gratulate. Dear Isabel.
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is your's is mine.
So, bring us to our Palace: where we'll shew
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

(exeunt.



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